

# The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review  
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXIII

JULY-AUGUST, 1898

No. 854

## "The Critic" as a Monthly

IN ORDER to widen *The Critic's* field of usefulness, it has been decided to issue the paper monthly, in the form of the leading magazines. The issue of June 25—completing Vol. XXXII of the old series—was the last to appear in the weekly form.

A greater number and variety of essays and special articles will be presented hereafter, and less matter will be published for the sake of "the record." Yet the leading features of the weekly will remain, and the favorite Lounger will occupy more space and a more prominent position.

Literature will continue to hold the first place; Art, Music, and the Drama will be treated in a manner to interest the amateur as well as the expert; and the paper will be more profusely and handsomely illustrated than heretofore. In short, nothing will be left undone that promises to strengthen its appeal to the cultivated class of readers among whom "*the first literary journal in America*" has long been *persona grata*. As a magazine *The Critic* will be unique.

In comparison with other periodicals, *The Critic* loses a remarkably small proportion of its old subscribers. Many of the names on its subscription list to-day have been there for nearly eighteen years. This shows that when *The Critic* makes friends it keeps them. In its new form it expects to make more friends than ever, and to hold them for life.

Hereafter the price of *The Critic* will be \$2 a year, or 20 cents a copy. Now is the time to subscribe.

THE CRITIC Co., 289 Fourth Ave., New York.

## The Lounger

IT MAY add to one's interest in Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune" to know that the capital of Olancho is Santiago de Cuba, and that Mr. Langham's mines are those at Juragua. When he was a boy Mr. Davis spent two springs at Santiago with a friend, the president of the company that then worked the mines. When he wrote his first long story he took these places as its background. The description is, I believe, accurate in every detail. The American troops landed on MacWilliams's pier, and the Rough Riders made their desperate fight from the Langham mines towards Olancho. In the story Mr. Davis pretends to lay his scene in South America, but it was really Cuba that he described. I quote from the book:—

"From the deck of a passing vessel you can obtain but little idea of Olancho, or of the abundance of tropical beauty which lies hidden away behind the rampart of mountains upon her shore. You can see only her desolate, dark green front, and the white caves at their base, into which the waves rush with an echoing roar, and in and out of which fly continually thousands of frightened bats. . . . There were five of these mountains which jutted out into the ocean, and they suggested roughly the five knuckles of a giant hand clenched and lying flat upon the surface of the water. They extended for seven miles, and then the caverns in the pali-sades began again and continued on down the coast to the great cliffs that guard the harbor of Olancho's capital."

IN VIEW OF the intense popular interest in the scene of the principal land episode of the war to date, I venture to refresh the reader's recollection of the city itself, as described in "Soldiers of Fortune":—

"From the mud cabins they came to more substantial one-story houses of adobe, with the walls painted in two distinct colors, blue, pink or yellow, with red-tiled roofs, and the names with which they had been christened in bold black letters above the entrances. Then the carriage rattled over paved streets, and they drove between houses of two stories painted more decorously in pink and light blue, with wide-open windows, guarded by heavy bars of finely wrought iron and ornamented with scroll-work in stucco. The principal streets were given up to stores and cafés, all wide open to the pavement and protected from the sun by brilliantly striped awnings, and gay with the national colors of Olancho in flags and streamers. In front of them sat officers in uniform, and the dark-skinned dandies of Valencia, in white duck suits and Panama hats, toying with tortoise-shell canes, which could be converted, if the occasion demanded, into blades of Toledo steel. In the streets were priests and bare-legged mule-drivers, and ragged ranchmen with red-caped cloaks hanging to their saddles, and negro women, with bare shoulders and long trains, vending lottery tickets and rolling huge cigars between their lips."

EVEN IF THE WAR does nothing else, it will show the world of what stuff correspondents, as well as soldiers, are made. The story of Edward Marshall, who was wounded on the field at Siboney, has as much of heroism in it as though he had been shot while leading a charge at the head of a regiment. A few graphic words from the pen of a fellow-correspondent, Mr. R. H. Davis, tell the story as well as it could be told:—

"The spirit of Mr. Marshall, correspondent of the *New York Journal*, was as admirable as that of any soldier on the field. He was shot in the first firing line, and though the bullet passed within an inch of his spine



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDDOWES BROS.

MR. EDWARD MARSHALL

and threw him into frequent and terrible convulsions, he continued in his intervals of consciousness to write his account of the fight and gave it to a wounded soldier to be forwarded to his paper. This devotion to duty by a man who knew he was dying was as fine as any of the many courageous and inspiring deeds that occurred during the two hours of breathless, desperate fighting."

Mr. James Creelman, another correspondent, was also badly wounded; which shows that correspondents do not remain with the rearguard.



MR. MARSHALL was with the "Rough Riders"—the regiment composed in part of cowboys and in part of the scions of some of New York's best-known families, young men full of pluck and daring, who though reared in luxury can "rough it" more successfully than many of those who have been differently brought up. Almost the first to be killed was Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Jr., an only son, and the grandson of him who gave distinction to the name. In a few paragraphs, Mr. Davis describes the burial of the dead Rough Riders more effectively than many a writer could do it in a column:—

"No man could ask to lie in a more lovely place. It is the highest point. To the left the valley can be seen for many miles around. Grass grows high all about the place. The sun smiles upon it. Fresh, cool breezes sweep across unceasingly, moving great trees and royal palms so that they bend low above it.

"The regiment stood in close ranks about the grave as the muffled figures were lowered gently, the chaplain calling out the names of each. He called the names of mule packer, salesman, cowboy and, last of all, Hamilton Fish, Jr., the young sergeant who was carried to the front to die, and whose watch bore the crests of Alexander Hamilton and Nicholas Fish and the motto 'God will give.'

"God gave him a noble death—a quick and painless death in the first rank of battle—and his comrades gave him a noble burial by the side of his men in soil they had won from an enemy and which they had died to set free."

MR. MARSHALL, by the way, was the secretary of the New York Tenement House Commission of 1894. I learn from the chairman of the commission that Mr. Marshall's official salary was entirely expended by him in employing substitutes in his journalistic work, he being then on the staff of the *Press*, so that he derived no pecuniary profit whatever from his public-spirited and most arduous labors. Not only this, but it was he who, seeing the necessity of the investigation, procured the passage of the law under which the commission was empowered to act.

CERTAIN CRITICS are disturbed because Mme. Sara Bernhardt wants to play Hamlet. Why not let her? She could not be worse than some of the men who have tried the part. Then again she is not the first woman who has been fired with ambition to play this famous rôle. There was Charlotte Cushman, who not only played Hamlet, but who played Romeo to the Juliet of her sister. And not only that, but she played Wolsey and Claude Melnotte. And I have very vivid recollections of our own Anna Dickinson as Hamlet, and a very lady-like little Hamlet she made. Sara has no doubt heard of these lady Hamlets, and though she prefers to originate, in this instance she is obliged to imitate. I should regard her desire to appear in this part as of a piece with her desire to wear men's clothes in her studio, to go up in balloons, and to be measured for a coffin. She will get more advertising out of a week of Hamlet than she would from a year of the divine Ophelia; and Sara thrives on advertising.

*The Tailor and Cutter* of London in a recent number discussed the dress of well-known English men-of-letters. It began with Mr. Zangwill whose "lounge suit" it says "might have belonged to any period during the last ten years"; but his frock coat is a slight improvement on this, though not all it should be, and his trousers are too short. By a stretch of the imagination Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Hall Caine may be called "moderately" well dressed, but Mr. Robert Buchanan is a "rank outsider," as he insists upon wearing a light-colored coat with dark trousers. He might almost as well wear a high hat with a sack coat. Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Clement Scott are the only two members of the writing fraternity whose dress is approved by *The Tailor and Cutter*. Sir Walter, this authority thinks, might be taken for "a prosperous city merchant," while Mr. Scott is so very well dressed that he might "easily be mistaken for a prosperous tradesman." *The Tailor and Cutter* carries its flattery almost too far.





COPYRIGHT 1898 BY ROCKWOOD

COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

LIEUT.-COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT is a full Colonel now. It is <sup>as</sup> a writer, however, rather than as a soldier that his picture is given here. It is, Mr. Rockwood tells me, the last one he had taken before going to the front.

"DEAR LOUNGER," M. L. B. W. writes from Portland, Maine:—

"'What's in a name?' is not a recent question, but the reply should be, 'Everything,' when Mr. James can give such a title to his latest novel as 'What Maisie Knew.' One would not believe such a commonplace lapse from good taste possible in the case of Mr. James, whose name is a synonym for literary elegance and style. One might expect it of Laura Jean Libby, or the author of 'Mr. Barnes of New York,' but that Mr. James, the superfine, should burden the offspring of his brain in this manner is a cause for weeping and wailing among his hosts of admirers, of whom I am one. A woman of my acquaintance said that she was really ashamed to ask at the Public Library for a book with such a title. And the fact that Maisie knew a great deal more than was good for her, does not help the matter in the least."

I QUITE AGREE with my correspondent that the name is a very silly one. I recall one other, however, which is even worse: "For Mamie's Sake." But this was not perpetrated by Mr. James.



MR. JAMES W. ALEXANDER

IF EVER A BOOK was written for the love of the subject, it was "Princeton Old and New," by Mr. James W. Alexander, which Messrs. Scribner, as Princeton men, no doubt take a peculiar pleasure in publishing. It is not so long ago that Mr. Alexander wandered as an undergraduate through the pleasant streets of Princeton, and all the haunts of the students are familiar and dear to him. This little book might better be called "an appreciation" than many that are described by that name. It gives a plenty of information about "Old Nassau" and its manners and customs, and yet there is not a dry line in it.



IT IS HARD to believe that the author is a family man and a man of affairs, for the book has all the spontaneity of youth. I should think that it would have the effect of adding to Princeton's list of students, the picture painted is such an attractive one. "The atmosphere of Princeton," says Mr. Alexander, "has ever conduced to health and happiness, physical, mental and moral." The Alexanders have been going—and giving—to Princeton College for generations, and there are few names more intimately associated than theirs with that venerable seat of learning. It is easy to see, by the way, from whom Mr. Alexander's daughter inherits her talent for writing, as evidenced in *Harper's*, a few years since, in some clever stories of artistic Paris. This portrait of Mr. Alexander is from the brilliant painting by his son-in-law, Mr. John W. Alexander, the

similarity of whose name to that of his father-in-law is a rather striking coincidence.

I MUST NOT FORGET to mention the cover design by Mr. Berkeley Smith, the son of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, who has quite a gift for designing. It represents the gateway of the new Blair Hall—as seen by an artist.

TWO MORE VOLUMES have been added to the Biographical edition of Thackeray. "The Yellowplush Papers" and "Barry Lyndon." Mrs. Ritchie's introductions continue in the same delightful strain. If we are never to have a Life of Thackeray, we certainly are by way of knowing as much about him, if not more, than most biographies tell us of their subjects. I, for one, am quite willing to forego a formal biography so long as Mrs. Ritchie continues to give us these intimate chapters about her father. It seems to me they suit the character of the man better than any life could do, certainly much better than the unsympathetic volume in the English Men-of-Letters series. Naturally Mrs. Ritchie tells us much of the domestic aspect of her father's life, and we are touched by the tender care of this big gentle man for his little children. The picture of Thackeray traveling by night to Paris in a "creaking diligence," with a baby in its nurse's arms and the little Annie, not much more than a baby, crying on his knee, is a pathetic one indeed. But they soon arrived at their journey's end, and the awful night was forgotten in the homecoming at Grand-mama's. This picture of Thackeray and "missy," as he called the little Annie (reproduced by Messrs. Harper's courtesy), may not be great as a work of art, but it is so homely and so characteristic, that I care more for it than any other that has appeared thus far in these introductions.

HERE is part of a letter written by Thackeray to his wife, which shows that he was no less kind and tender as a husband than as a father. It was written from Paris in 1833, and is printed in Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to "The Yellowplush Papers":

"Here have we been two years married and not a single unhappy day. Oh, I do bless God for all this happiness which He has given me! It is so great that I almost tremble for the future, except that I humbly hope (for what man is certain about his own weakness and wickedness) our love is strong enough to withstand any pressure from without, and as it is a gift greater than any fortune, is likewise one superior to poverty or sickness, or any other worldly evil with which Providence may visit us. Let us pray, as I trust there is no harm, that none of these may come upon us; as the best and wisest Man in the world prayed that He might not be led into temptation. . . . I think happiness is as good as prayers, and I feel in my heart a kind of overflowing thanksgiving which is quite too great to describe in writing. This kind of happiness is like a fine picture, you only see a little bit of it when you are close to the canvas; go a little distance and then you see how beautiful it is. I don't know that I shall have done much by coming away, except being so awfully glad to come back again."

If Thackeray was a cynic, he at least never let his family suspect it.



From "The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq." Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers.

"FATHER AND LITTLE GIRL"

HER FATHER once said to Mrs. Ritchie, when she was a girl: "You need not read 'Barry Lyndon'; you won't like it." And she adds: "Indeed, it is scarcely a book to *like*, but one to admire and wonder at for its consummate power and mastery." The book, she continues, "was written in 1843-44, and should by rights be printed with the 'Journey from Cornhill to Cairo,' but for convenience the travels are published together, and 'Barry' is included in this volume."

APROPOS OF THACKERAY, I clip the following from a recent number of *The Academy*:—

"Despite all that is now being written about Thackeray, it is, perhaps, not very generally known that his step-father, the original of Colonel Newcome, is buried in the little town of Ayr, and that there is an interesting memorial of him there. This, however, is so. On the south wall of the choir in the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity in Ayr may be seen a brass tablet, bearing the following inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
MAJOR HENRY WILLIAM CARMICHAEL SMYTH,  
OF THE BENGAL ENGINEERS,  
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT AYR,  
9TH SEPTEMBER, 1861,  
AGED 81 YEARS.

ADSUM.

"And lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master."—*Newcomes*, Vol. III., ch. 26.

"On the rebuilding of the Church his grave was bought within the walls. He was laid to rest immediately beneath this place by his stepson, William Makepeace Thackeray. This memorial was put up in 1887 by some members of the family."



LORD ROSEBERY AS "THE LITTLE MINISTER"

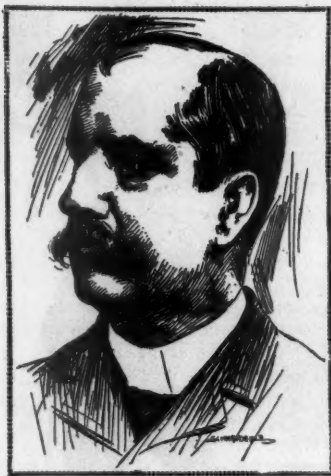
"THE RETURN of the Little Minister" is the title given by *Punch* to this amusing bit of caricature. Lord Rosebery has recently appeared as the champion of the clergy, arguing that parsons whose incomes are wholly or in part derived from tithes, should have a little special provision made for them out of the public purse. I am quite impressed by Lord Rosebery's clerical appearance, and would suggest that Mr. Charles Frohman try to engage him for the revival of "The Little Minister." I should not be surprised if he proved almost as good a drawing card as Miss Maude Adams.

A FRIEND OF MINE was standing in front of Mr. MacMonnies's "Bacchante" in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, not many days ago, wrapt in admiration of the grace and buoyancy of the figure, when two young women came along and stopped in front of it. "I don't wonder the Boston Public Library rejected it," said the younger of the two; "I'd have rejected it myself. I wouldn't be seen with it. It's positively indecent." "And perfectly ridiculous," said the elder. "The idea of feeding grapes to a baby as young as that!" This is what might be called helpful criticism!

"PATRIOTIC" manufacturers are supplying a patriotic people with napkins made of the Stars and Stripes. Could patriotism farther go? Yes, it might go farther. We might make handkerchiefs and floor-cloths of our country's flag! This would be only a degree more degrading—not to the national banner, but to the people who think to show their patriotism by wiping their mouths with it. Apropos of patriotism: we are to have a Dewey Theatre in New York. It is to be a people's theatre, which means cheap seats and cheap performers. The drop curtain will represent the battle of Manila in all the glory of lurid skies and fire-belching guns. The program will no doubt be as lurid as the curtain,



ONE DAY IN LONDON, some years ago, I was discussing American authors with Sir Walter Besant, when he mentioned the name of Mr.



MR STANLEY WATERLOO

Stanley Waterloo. "He is not an American," said I. "Indeed he is," replied Sir Walter, "and he lives in Chicago." Of course I knew of Mr. Waterloo, but I had never suspected that a man with such a name could be anything but an Englishman. I learned then that Sir Walter was so impressed with Mr. Waterloo's ability, that he induced his own publishers, Messrs. A. & C. Black, to publish him in England, and even wrote an introduction to his book "An Odd Situation," which made an instant success. Mr. Waterloo, I may add, was a journalist before he became a novelist. He was born in the backwoods of Michigan, whose State University has just honored him with the degree of M. A.

MR. OPIE READ, another Western author to find favor in England, where his story "The Jucklings," has won the highest praise, is also a graduate of the school of journalism. He was born in Tennessee forty-five years ago, but Chicago is now his home. "The Jucklings," I believe, has been made into a play for Mr. Stuart Robson. Both Mr. Waterloo and Mr. Read are racy writers; their work smacks of the soil, and that is what Englishmen like in American authors. It is what they like in Mr. Bret Harte, in Miss Wilkins, in Mark Twain. I am indebted to the *Chicago Tribune* for the portraits of Mr. Waterloo and Mr. Read.



COL. OPIE READ

STILL ANOTHER western writer to find recognition in London is Mr. Gelett Burgess. *The Academy* and *The Sketch*

have been exploiting him to the extent of columns. I don't wonder at their doing so, for he makes excellent copy, and in the case of *The Sketch*, throws in an illustration or two, which helps to enliven the page. Anyone who has visited London will appreciate "The Finger of the Law." Those wonderful bobbies never lift a club, never even lift their voice, but merely raise a white-cotton-gloved finger, and order at once evolves from chaos. Speaking of his latest venture in the realms of freak periodicals, the *Enfant Terrible*, Mr. Burgess said:—"The Infant was born great but had oblivion thrust upon it. The public would not take it seriously nor humorously; they would not take it at all. Of course, "The Purple Cow" was mentioned in the article. It was not *The Lark*, that lifted Mr. Burgess on its wings, but the Purple Cow that tossed him into prominence. And yet he says:—

"I have come to London to slaughter the Cow. I shall kill her with essays, if I can write any deadly enough. I shall tire her patience with a tedious romance; or, if worst comes to worst, spring poems must be forgiven me, for I have written poems, too, in my day. Witness this little plaint, the summation of my trials—

The Window has four little Panes,  
But one have I!  
The Window-Pains are in its Sash;  
I wonder Why!"

A HASTY GLANCE over the autumn announcements of the Doubleday & McClure Co. excites pleasant anticipations. Not the least of these relate to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume, which he has decided to call "The Day's Work." The title does not apply to the author's connection with the contents of the volume, for he has been engaged upon the book for the past three or four years. Six times has he read and worked over the proofs, and I suppose that he would go over them six times more if the forms were not already on the press, as the book is to be published on Sept. 30. Another interesting announcement of this firm is that of a new novel by Dr. Maurus Jokai, translated by the authority, and under the direction, of the author. "As We Grow Old" is the title of the book, which certainly has no personal application to the author, as the septuagenarian Jokai does not grow old, but gets younger with every year that he lives. He has written an introduction addressed to the American reader, and the book will contain a character sketch of the author by Neltje Blanchan, whose bird books have won such wide favor. The Doubleday & McClure Co. have arranged with Dr. Jokai to become the authorized American publishers of all his future novels.

EVERYONE knows the Temple edition of Shakespeare and what a delight it is to the eye and to the hand, for there is much in the "feel" of a book. Other Temple classics followed it, and now Mr. Dent is going to give us a Temple Dickens, in coöperation with the Doubleday & McClure Co. It will be in forty volumes, the first of which will be issued in October. A novelty of this edition will be a dainty frontispiece in color for each volume. Why doesn't Mr. Dent give us a Temple Bible? The Modern Reader's Bible, which the Macmillan Co. publish, is in Temple form, and while I prefer it to the regular paragraph editions of the Bible, there are many who do not, and yet would like one in this handy form.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE CRITIC      COPYRIGHT 1898 BY HOLLINGER & CO.

MR. HENRY NORMAN

I AM SURE that the readers of this column will be glad to see this portrait of Mr. Henry Norman, taken at my request especially for their benefit. Mr. Norman is not only an entertaining writer, but he is conspicuous among Englishmen for his friendly feeling toward America. For Englishmen to speak well of America is not so uncommon to-day, but when Mr. Norman first became our champion in the columns of the London *Daily Chronicle*, he was almost alone in his opinions. Times have changed, but that should not lead us to forget old friends. I have mentioned before that though Mr. Norman is an Englishman he was educated at Harvard University, for even in youth he wished to get his knowledge of America at first hand. His recent visit has made him more enthusiastic than ever over American institutions, though he reluctantly admits that we have our faults—an admission that we sometimes make to ourselves.

THE 'Varsity Challenge Cup, recently offered by Dr. Louis Livingston Seaman of New York, President of the Cornell Alumni, as an intercollegiate rowing trophy at the Saratoga Lake regatta, was put on exhibition, before this year's race, in the show-window of the maker, Mr. Theodore B. Starr. It is a tall, handsomely formed togga in solid silver, over twenty-one inches in height and weighing 220 ounces. It is ornamented with a figure of Victory in high relief, water-lilies, a sea-horse and other nauti-



COPYRIGHT 1898 BY THEODORE B. STARR

#### 'VARSITY CHALLENGE CUP

cal emblems, as shown in the cut reproduced herewith. The three-mile race was won in record time (15 m. 51 ½ s.) by the University of Pennsylvania crew.



THE VOLUME of "Fables for the Frivolous," by Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl, with illustrations by Mr. Peter Newell, is announced by Messrs. Harper & Bros. These fables will be ushered into the world with an introduction by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs. Mr. Bangs argues that it is not true that there is nothing new under the sun.

"Now comes Mr. Carryl," he says, "doing again the same old things; but they are new in their presentation, and, one may say, perfect in their application. Mr. Carryl's modern versions are put forth in tripping verse, with lines that metrically are so perfect that they seem to sing themselves, and with rhymes so marvellous that one wonders how a really sane person could have discovered them."





MR. EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

MR. EDWIN A. ABBEY, whose work is as highly appreciated in England as in America, has just been elected a Royal Academician; he had been an Associate for several years. Mr. Harold Frederic says that this is not altogether pleasing to certain English painters who have been overlooked, and "a certain powerful group of critics of art and literature" who do not like Mr. Abbey or his work. But in spite of all he has won "simply because he has visibly painted the heads off of all his competitors for the past three years." This certainly shows something more than fairness, then, on the part of Mr. Abbey's fellow-Academicians, who elected him to full honors in spite of all opposition. Mr. Abbey, by the way, continues to live at Fairford in Gloucestershire—one of the prettiest little villages in all England. It is very much like Broadway, Worcestershire, where he made his first English home and where Mr. Frank Millet, one of the colony of American artists in England, still lives. An artist who delights in Shakespearian subjects, as Mr. Abbey does, can find his back grounds on every street of Fairford; for sixteenth-century suggestiveness it may be said to rival Broadway. Indeed, the latter suggests Morland, or even Birket Foster, more than it does the golden age of Elizabeth.



MR. ABBEY has a beautiful home, with ample grounds and stately trees and a lawn such as one sees nowhere outside of England, unless it be on our own Staten Island. The only modern thing on Mr. Abbey's place is the studio—an enormous building which he and Mr. Sargent share, and in which they painted their great canvases for the Boston Public Library.







THIS REPRODUCTION of the poster that advertises Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Penelope's Progress" does scant justice to the original, which is printed in gay Scotch colors. It is not printed on paper, as are posters usually, but on a new patented material which gives all the effect of cloth and seems to have much of its durability.



THE PORTRAITS of Mr. Joseph Jefferson and the late Anton Seidl by Mr. Frank Eugene, shown at Knoedler's Gallery, and reproduced here by the courtesy of *The Tribune*, are not the first works exhibited by the artist in New York, but they are the first to attract very much attention. A native of this city, Mr. Eugene had the good fortune as a youth to win the notice of Mr. Jefferson, who, as all the world knows, is an amateur of painting. He was sent abroad, and has studied mainly at Munich. The effect of German training is apparent in the loose handling of the background, and the somewhat forced effect which is especially remarkable in the Jefferson portrait; but the young painter has secured a very agreeable general tone, and the expression of the features in both portraits is rendered with great delicacy and insight. Mr. Jefferson is shown in the character of Caleb Plummer, in which he "makes up" to look considerably older than he really is.





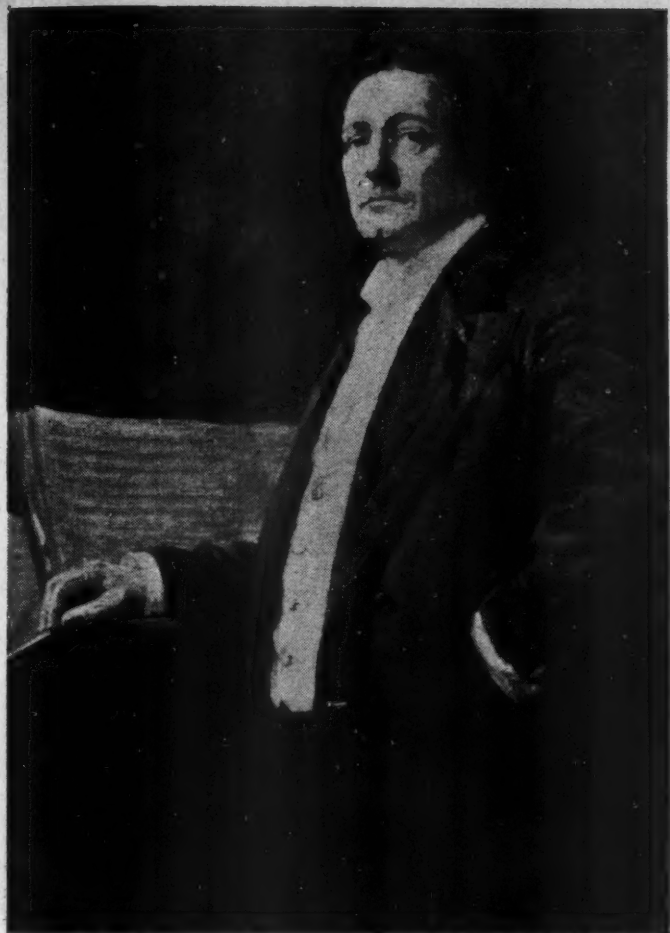
COPYRIGHT 1898 BY FRANK EUGENE

MR. JEFFERSON AS CALEB PLUMMER

SPEAKING TO A *Tribune* reporter, Mr. Eugene said :—

"It was a delight to paint Mr. Jefferson. He was so interested all the time in the work, and so full of gayety and good humor ! He does not pose as anyone else does; he cannot keep still long enough. He would sit down, assume the attitude I wanted, and hold it for a few moments, asking me with great precision whether his head and hands were just right, etc. Then, suddenly, he would jump up and disarrange everything by running over to where he could see the canvas. 'How is it getting on, Eugene? Ah, yes; that's good, very good,' and he would be back again in his chair. It was somewhat like painting a child, for I had to be quick at catching pose and expression, and constantly alert as he changed his position and talked."

Mr. Jefferson was so pleased with the portrait that he purchased it.



ANTON SEIDL

COPYRIGHT 1915 BY FRANK EUGENE

THE PICTURE of Mr. Seidl is, according to his widow, the only one ever painted of him from life. The artist made rough sketches for it while the famous leader was conducting a concert; afterwards he had a few sittings for the painting. At this writing the portrait is still in the artist's possession, though there is some talk of its purchase by a few of Mr. Seidl's friends.

HIS MANY ADMIRERS in America will be glad to hear that Mr. W. E. Henley is rapidly recovering from the effects of a severe operation. For months before it was performed he was obliged to abandon all literary work, which for a man of his temperament was no slight deprivation. He will soon be in harness again, feeling better than ever, I hope. Mr. Henley has long been a sufferer, but even his sufferings he has turned to literary account, as his Hospital Verses long ago gave token.



REVUE ILLUSTRÉE

MM. PAUL AND VICTOR MARGUERITTE

MESSRS. PAUL and Victor Margueritte are not twins, as a number of people suppose. Paul was born in 1860 and has given all his time to literature. Victor was born in 1866 and was for nine years in the French military service—good combinations for a war story such as "The Disaster" (Appletons). The book has been a great success in France, where patriotism is as popular to-day as it is in America, whether always wisely illustrated or not.



BOWDOIN COLLEGE has just conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters on Mr. Herbert Putnam, librarian of the Boston Public Library and President of the American Library Association. He is the fourth Putnam to be so honored. His grandfather, who lived at Brunswick, Maine, was given a degree, and so was his father, the late Mr. George P. Putnam, who left the town to seek his fortune at the early age of twelve. Mr. G. P. Putnam—the most modest of men—said that he was given a degree only because at the age of ten he had discovered the roof of the college to be on fire, and was the first to give the alarm. Mr. George Haven Putnam, the present head of the publishing house, and brother of the librarian, received a degree from Bowdoin some years ago.





MR. BEERBOHM'S "GEORGE MOORE."

I CANNOT but think that the portrait of Mr. George Moore by Manet, published on another page of this magazine, is a better likeness than Mr. Max Beerbohm's, which I cull from the columns of *The Sketch*. There will no doubt be those who till they see the Beerbohm portrait will think the Manet a caricature. By comparison with the Manet, it will be seen that Mr. Beerbohm has exaggerated Mr. Moore's nose, giving him one that would be grotesque even for Cyrano de Bergerac. And the moustache in the French portrait is more like the real thing, and less like the quills of the fretful porcupine. In one way or another Mr. Moore is getting a good deal of gratuitous advertising of late. Miss Marie Corelli will have to look to her laurels.

TWO OF the novels published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are to be dramatized—one, "Her Ladyship's Elephant," the other "The Gadfly," by Mrs. E. L. Voynich. The latter the author herself is preparing for the stage. Dramatization is a new form of expression for Mrs. Voynich; so

also was novel-writing, until she wrote "The Gadfly," but that was such an extraordinary success that there is no doubt she will continue to write novels. Very little is known about Mrs. Voynich, and very little is to be known, because she has lived a quiet life. Her father, the late George Boole, was a distinguished mathematician and logician, and was at the time of his death, in 1864, Professor of Mathematics in Queens College, Cork. His fame as a logician rests upon his "Laws of Thought," which is regarded as a work of considerable importance. His wife was a mathematician, and on the list of Messrs. Putnam's books will be found her "Psychology of Mathematics." The daughter assisted her parents more or less in their mathematical work, but what she did was purely clerical. She had a good mind, however, and a highly cultivated one, even for the circle in which she moved. That she is a very interesting woman, anyone who has read her remarkable novel can well believe. Mr. Voynich is a Pole and was at one time an exile in Siberia, from which country he managed to escape. Mr. and Mrs. Voynich spend a large part



of their time in Italy. When in London they confine themselves to a circle of Nihilists, Socialists and other restless people. The author has always held that there is a play in "The Gadfly," and so has Mr. Richard Mansfield, to whom it will probably be first submitted.



"LORNA" of *The British Weekly* has been interviewing Mr. E. L. Godkin, who is at present in England. As it is the excellent habit of this interviewer to show the proof of what she writes to the person interviewed, before it is published, it is safe to assume that Mr. Godkin really did say all that is here attributed to him. "Lorna" asked the editor of *The Evening Post* if he would advise a young man to go into journalism. To this he replied:—

"I have dissuaded hundreds of young men from entering upon it. It is a profession which leads to nothing. In medicine and the law there are prizes; the brilliant man finds his way to the top. In journalism there is no top. For men and women alike the work is just a makeshift. They take it up for a year or two on their way to something better. The worst of it is," he went on, "that the yellow papers are dragging down the others along with them. The providing of sensational news is becoming a necessary condition of existence. The full results will not be seen in our generation."

THEN UP AND spake the wily "Lorna:"—

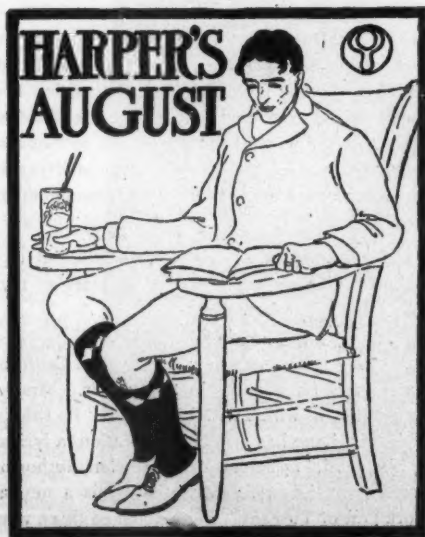
"But suppose, Mr. Godkin, a young man were to begin his journalistic career in your own office?" "Even then," he replied with impatient gesture, "it would lead to nothing. He might write anonymous articles of high merit, and might earn a fair income, but, I repeat, there are no prizes for an ambitious man to aim at."

"LORNA" MUST have appreciated her opportunity, for she made the most of it. Seldom has Mr. Godkin spoken so freely to an interviewer; but then "Lorna" is no ordinary interviewer. "Do you think," she asked in her most ingratiating manner, "that in any other profession you would have exercised so wide an influence?" Certainly this was a direct question, but Mr. Godkin did not attempt to evade it. On the contrary, he replied:—

"Very likely not, but I hope I may say, with all due modesty, that in journalism I have chosen to take a line of my own, and to write much more in my own papers than is usual with American editors. I have devoted myself largely to the work of comment and criticism; in this way I have gradually been able to influence a select circle of readers, and my position is in some respects peculiar. Frankly, I do not think that our editors exercise much influence, and I am sure that such influence as they have is declining. They are becoming mere news-mongers and business-managers. Can you wonder that our front-rank men look askance on the profession?"

MR. GODKIN admitted, however, that the conditions were different in England, where the journalist has as good a chance as a member of any other profession.

THE BALLOTING of *The Critic's* readers for a subject for M. Brunetière's promised essay on some branch of contemporaneous French literature, has resulted in a verdict in favor of the Drama, and the editors have written to inform the distinguished critic of this result of the vote. I understand that M. Brunetière expects to revisit America, before long, as he is especially desirous of seeing something of the great west, where interesting social and sociological conditions and experiments are to be observed, he believes, such as the student might search the Old World for in vain.





"CORNELL STORIES" are bound to be read to-day if they never were before. Winning boat races attracts as much attention to a college nowadays as anything that could be done by it or happen to it. This cover is really prettier on the book than it looks here, for there the colors show to advantage.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S PLAY, "The Ambassador," which is having such a successful run at the St. James's Theatre, will be seen in New York during the coming season, Mr. Daniel Frohman having just completed arrangements for its production here. A friend, writing from London, says that as a play it has a great many faults of construction, but the dialogue is wittier and more brilliant than anything except the old comedies. I am glad to know that those of us who could not get to London this season will have an opportunity to see the play over here, and performed by such excellent players as compose Mr. Frohman's Lyceum company.

IN A RECENT interview Mrs. Craigie is reported as saying that she rides no hobbies. "And yet," says an inveterate punster at my elbow, "she calls herself John Oliver Hob-bes."

MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S new novel "The Californians" will be published by Mr. John Lane early in September. Mrs. Atherton has nearly completed the book which will follow this. Its title is "A Daughter of the Vine." Mr. Lane has also in preparation a lyrical play, "Pan and the Young Shepherd," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, author of the successful novel, "The Forest Lovers." Mr. Hewlett is a new author, whose book "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" was published three years ago.

Mr. Kipling's poem "Our Lady of the Snows" has called forth many replies, but none, perhaps, so impressive as *Our Lady of the Sunshine*—an illustrated midsummer annual, brought out apparently to disprove the poet's intimation that Canada is a cold country. The new annual, published in pamphlet form, abounds with articles and colored and other illustrations, tending to show that, if one wishes to avoid sunstroke, he had better give the Dominion a wide berth. The publisher, Mr. George N. Morang of Toronto, has pressed into his services not only the well-known poets of Canada, including the Frenchman, Louis Fréchette, but even Lady Aberdeen, wife of the Governor General. It remains to be seen who will win this very pretty fight—Mr. Kipling or the Canadians. The poet has at least this advantage, that he is able to treat the subject humourously. There are few better nonsense verses than his

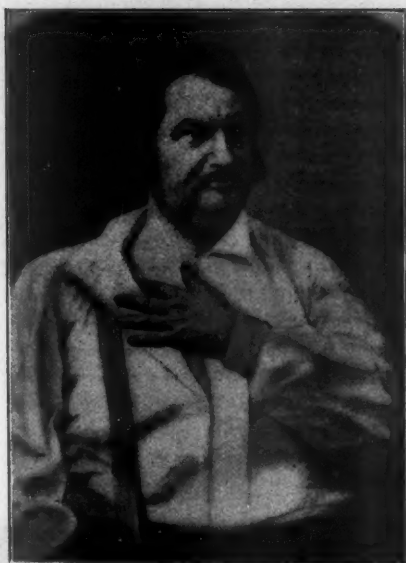
"There once was a lad of Quebec  
Who was buried in snow to his neck.  
When asked, 'Are you friz?'  
He replied, 'Yes, I is;  
But we don't call *this* cold in Quebec.'"

✱

*The Critic* of June 11 contained a reproduction of M. Rodin's statue of Balzac, made for—and refused by—the French Society of Men-of-Letters. No one questions the sculptor's mastery of his art, but in this instance the fairminded amateur must admit that he has produced, not a portrait, but a grotesque. To convince the curious of the injustice the statue does to the famous romancer's features, I reproduce, with the photograph thereof, a daguerreotype that shows him as he actually looked. He was not a beauty, I admit, but he was not the scarecrow M. Rodin has made of him. It is understood that the sculptor has refused the offer of a prosperous merchant to buy the rejected plaster and have it turned into bronze for



M. RODIN'S BALZAC



FROM A DAGUERRETYPE

HONORE DE BALZAC

his private garden at Neuilly. He will keep it himself. Some day he may be moved to smash it. The world will be none the poorer if he does, nor his reputation the less great.

MRS. FISKE expects to produce "Becky Sharp," Mr. Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of "Vanity Fair," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in January. She has an agent now in England making studies for the costumes and furnishings. I asked her if she would follow Thackeray's illustrations for costumes, and she smiled at my ignorance.

"Thackeray dressed his

characters in the fashions of his own day," she replied, "and you know that the scene of the story is laid in the period just before the battle of Waterloo." "True, oh King!" I replied, "and the battle of Waterloo was fought in 1815, while Thackeray wrote 'Vanity Fair' between the years 1846 and 1848." Though fashions did not change in those days with the rapidity that marks their course to-day, there was time in thirty years and more for abundant changes, and women would not have been women if they had not taken advantage of them. Fortunately, the fashions of 1815 were much more picturesque than those of 1848; at the same time it will be hard to reconcile ourselves to Becky without elongated curls and exaggerated hoop. And Dobbin in knee-breeches will be a sight that even the tender-hearted Amelia would find it hard not to smile at.

MR. LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN, who dramatized "Esmond" for Mr. E. H. Sothern, is dramatizing Robert Louis Stevenson's "St. Ives" for Mr. Mansfield. "Esmond" was tried outside of New York, last season, and was not altogether successful. Perhaps one reason for this was that the play did not follow the book closely enough. I appreciate that certain changes always have to be made for the requirements of the stage, but I cannot see that even the stage made it necessary to do away entirely with Beatrix as Thackeray painted her. The Beatrix that played leading lady to Mr. Sothern's Esmond was a most conventional young person, who brought her gentle career to a fitting close by marrying him. I wish Thackeray had not made Esmond marry Lady Castlewood; but so long as he did, I think it would have been better to stick to his conclusion. Mr. Sothern, however, seems to have thought otherwise.



I DON'T KNOW what Mr. Shipman is going to do with "St. Ives," but he has an opportunity in that story to make a good play, and I am quite sure he will embrace it. It is as romantic as "The Prisoner of Zenda," and is more of a love-story than anything that Stevenson ever wrote; and the element of love is much more essential to the success of a play than it is to the success of a novel.



MR. JOHN DAVIDSON, the author of "Fleet Street Eclogues," is making the English translation of "Cyrano de Bergerac" for Sir Henry Irving, who intends to play the part of the large-nosed hero at the Lyceum Theatre. The translation is to be a metrical one, or I suppose that a poet would not have been chosen to make it. M. Edmond Rostand expected to write a preface for the English edition of his play, but was too ill to do so. Mr. Richard Mansfield will produce his version of "Cyrano" at the Garden Theatre on Oct. 3. The translation has been made for him by Miss Gertrude Hall, and is in prose. It is almost an adaptation, and I think that Mr. Mansfield has been wise in deciding in favor of a prose version. During the autumn the Doubleday & McClure Co. will publish Miss Hall's translation in a dainty volume, in the style of their Little Masterpieces. I have seen a few pages of her work; and it seems to keep quite the spirit of M. Rostand's play, if not its rhymes. "A play written around a nose," an English critic calls it. Miss Hall will do well to tone down the nose a little for the American audience whose sense of the ridiculous is perhaps keener than its sense of poetry. In the lobby of the Lyceum Theatre, while Coquelin was playing "Cyrano" in London, gutta-percha imitations in little of the original nose were sold, as well as the text of M. Rostand's play. To take advantage of the "Cyrano de Bergerac" boom, Messrs. Meyer Bros. will have ready for early publication a novel founded on the play and the original sources from which the play was drawn. By

the way, I hear that Mr. Sothern had the first reading of the play in America, but did not find it "available," as editors say of rejected manuscripts.

THE LIFE OF ALPHONSE DAUDET by his son Leon will be published in this country by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., who have purchased all American rights in the book, even those of the French edition. The translation is being made by Mr. Charles de Kay, who not only knows French better than most translators, but who knows Daudet better than most people other than Frenchmen. He corresponded with Daudet, visited him, and heard him discuss his aims and methods. The translation will not be published before October.

I PRESENT, by the courtesy of Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., a portrait of Miss Pauline Bradford Mackie, the author of "Mademoiselle De Berny" and "Ye Lyttle Salem Maide." The former was, I believe, Miss Mackie's first novel, and it attracted flattering attention—the attention not only of the ordinary novel-reader, but of the dramatist as well, for arrangements have already been made for making a play of it. Miss Mackie, I am informed, is the daughter of an Episcopalian clergyman of Toledo, Ohio. She has not, however, lived all her life in the west, having spent much time in Washington. The success of her first book has been such as to induce her to devote herself to literary work. I can think of no more

pleasant occupation—when it pays. Even when it doesn't pay, it has its compensations.

I QUOTED FROM *The Academy*, not long since, a summary of a gossiping critical account of American authorship of to-day, contributed by Mr. James Ramsay to *The Windsor Magazine*. Mr. Ramsay, it seems, regards Mr. T. B. Aldrich as America's leading poet, but deplors his insistence upon rhyming "morn" with "gone." I have known other American poets to rhyme "gone" with "dawn," and I am sorry to say that one of the very best of our dictionaries backs them up in the solecism; but Mr. Aldrich is a purist in such matters, and if Mr. Ramsay would like to get a draft for £20 for (say) the British Seaman's Hospital at Liverpool, I have no doubt it would be promptly forthcoming if he should point out a single instance of the use of "gone" as a rhyme for "morn" in either of the two volumes of this writer's collected poems (Riverside Edition), issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. last year.



God, Whose Children are many and far.  
Grant us to meet where the Innocents are—  
Meet in the heart of Babe Jesu's Star.

THERE IS AN unusually pretty dedicatory page in "The Child Who Will Never Grow Old," by K. Douglas King, and it has reason to be, for it was made by Mr. Charles Robinson, who illustrated Mr. Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse" so daintily. Mr. John Lane publishes the book.

So the semi-monthly *Dial* has absorbed the semi-monthly *Chap-Book*. Well, it is the old story of the tortoise and the hare. Blend the chipperness of *The Chap-Book* with the dignity of *The Dial*, and you have a good combination, and one that has my best wishes for its future. I have always had something of a weakness for *The Chap-Book*, from the days when it began its career as a literary leaflet in Cambridge, to its later days of war illustrations. It has generally been bright and amusing, if not always respectful to its elders. But then boys will be boys; only some boys grow to be men, while others remain boys to the end of their days.

*The Dial* says that now, since *The Critic* has become a monthly, it has the literary field all to itself. Don't be so sure of that, my dear Mr. Browne. *The Critic* still is, and will continue to be, in the words of the *London Academy*, "the first literary journal in America."

MR. HORACE E. SCUDDER has withdrawn from the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and is succeeded by Mr. Walter H. Page, who has conducted the magazine during Mr. Scudder's year's absence in Europe. Mr. Scudder's release from editorial duties will enable him to devote himself more exclusively to important literary work. He will continue his connection with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with whom he has so long been associated. While Mr. Scudder was a good editor and kept up the literary traditions of *The Atlantic*, it is as a writer that he is best known and most highly regarded. Mr. Page is a born editor, and his connection with *The Atlantic* has been an excellent thing both for him and for that unique magazine.

MR. DANIEL HUNTINGTON, ex-President of the National Academy of Design, is the chief contributor to a little pamphlet in which the history, work and needs of that well-established institution are set before the public, apropos of the proposed abandonment of its old quarters at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street and the erection of a handsome home on Cathedral Parkway Drive. The present Academy—an offshoot of the old American Academy of Arts—dates back to the year 1825, when the painter S. F. B. Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph, aided in organizing it. It is the father, also, of the already venerable yet wholly flourishing Century Club, and is rich in interesting traditions. A committee of well-known citizens has come out with an appeal in its behalf, and the \$50,000 needed to complete its building fund will doubtless be forthcoming in due season. To aid in raising it, I present a picture of the proposed edifice, as designed by Messrs. Carrère & Hastings. No one can see this shadow of it without wishing to behold the substance, and feeling tempted to contribute toward its materialization.



THE PROPOSED NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN



MR. LYNN R. MEEKINS

MR. MEEKINS is not a prolific author. It is four years since *The Critic* had occasion to commend "The Robb's Island Wreck, and Other Stories." But quality counts for more than quantity, in fiction as in other things. It is better to write two good stories a year, and wait till there are eight of them to bind together and republish, than to grind them out at the rate of one a month, and reprint them every spring or autumn. I say reprint, because Mr. Meekins is a journalist, and his stories read as if they had been written for publication in periodicals—had passed muster with editors first, and then with magazine or newspaper readers; the wary publisher having thus an assurance of their availability before venturing his money and imprint on them.

"SOME OF OUR PEOPLE" is the collective title of a bundle of short stories printed by the Williams & Wilkins Co., of Baltimore, with an acknowledgment of indebtedness to *The Century*, *Harper's Weekly*, *The New England Magazine*, etc. One feels that the stories are true, and that the author knows his ground and his art. If he embellishes now and then, as he goes along, it only makes the story better without making it seem less real. His tales hold the reader by the ear. The portrait of the author, here reproduced from the frontispiece of his new book, is dedicated "To my friend Meekins," the artist being A. Castaigne, who not so long ago taught drawing in Baltimore.

A NUMBER of the friends and admirers of Count Leo Tolstoy in this city, among them Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Ernest Crosby, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie and Mr. Whidden Graham, propose to celebrate the seventieth birthday of the distinguished Russian novelist on



the eighth of September next. This date will also be the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance upon a literary career, so that those who may not feel like endorsing all of his political theories can yet add their laurel to the wreath of the novelist. At the present writing it has not been decided just how the anniversary will be celebrated. A dinner has been suggested, but that idea has not been received with much enthusiasm. Any novelist can be celebrated in such a conventional way as that, but not many could be celebrated with a public meeting enlivened by the speeches of distinguished men, without being made to appear somewhat ridiculous. Tolstoy could stand such a celebration, and that is the sort that is most likely to be given in his honor.

IN THE JULY *Longman's*, Mr. Andrew Lang says that he thinks that though much is done by way of advertising the young author, more remains to be done. "A leaf," he thinks, "might be taken from the book of the vendors of pills and soap. Thus, a new novel appears. You start advertising it on placards along the lines of railway from Thurso to London. You put a brief summary of the most exciting situations on posters in the fields beside the main lines, and the traveler picks up fragments which keenly excite his curiosity." The idea is a capital one; at least, I thought so when it was suggested, under the caption "Book Advertising in 1900," in *The Critic* of 19 June 1897. The reader may remember the suggestion. It took immensely and was nowhere copied and commented upon more freely than in the English papers. Mr. Lang must have been playing golf at St. Andrews at the time.

MRS. ELIZABETH LYNN LINTON, the well-known novelist and essayist, died a fortnight or so ago in London. She was an Englishwoman and the widow of W. J. Linton, the engraver, who spent a large part of his life in this country. Mrs. Linton was devoted to London, where she lived for over fifty years, having gone there in 1845, when she was twenty-three years of age. I should not say, judging her solely from her writings, that Mrs. Linton was a particularly genial woman. Her most famous essays were those in which she handled her own sex without gloves. "The Girl of the Period" was her first book to attract special attention in this country. It was witty and often wise, but it was neither kind nor gentle. Mrs. Linton abominated the modern woman, and she was perfectly sincere in her opinion, but she was not merciful. I have often agreed with her in part, but never wholly. Her novels were not as clever as her essays. It is by the latter that she will be remembered.

TO A MAN who has enjoyed freedom all his life the prospect of a year's imprisonment is not attractive, and that M. Zola, who was sentenced to that penalty by the officers of the Esterhazy court martial should escape to Switzerland to avoid arrest, is not unnatural. The fact that M. Zola does not feel that he is guilty of any crime makes his sentence all the more bitter. I think that if I were in his place I should make my permanent home among the mountains of Switzerland, nor could all the pleasures of the town have the power to draw me down, as the old song puts it.

## Mrs. Deland at Home

**Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, and Kennebunkport, Maine**

VERY few houses suggest in a more marked degree the tastes of those who occupy them, than the one in which Margaret Deland may be found during the winter months, and until the chilly New England spring deigns to set forth a tempting array of blossoms. At this signal, followed by a general exodus in favor of suburban residences, Mrs. Deland—being a Bostonian only by adoption, and therefore to be pardoned for seeking recreation at a greater distance from home—closes the town house, leaving it guarded by flowers, to re-establish herself and her household in an attractive cottage at Kennebunkport, Maine, where her summers are habitually passed.

If we are to go in search of the more representative of the two dwellings, we must turn our steps in the direction of Beacon Hill, for the Delands yielded a number of years ago to the indefinable charm of this time-honored quarter of the town, and have come to be considered—like Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mrs. Henry Whitman, and others—as permanent members of the little colony in possession.

On turning into Mt. Vernon Street at the foot of the hill, a view that is essentially picturesque opens up, and its separate features—the steep road, large elm trees, old-fashioned residences, and narrow sidewalks—have hardly had time to assert themselves, when the objective point of one's walk comes in sight. No 76 is the second of two houses on Mt. Vernon Street that have in turn afforded Mr. Deland an excuse to indulge his predilection for reconstruction, the present habitation being practically a larger edition of one lower down the street—in which "John Ward, Preacher," was written.

A glance at the façade proves the felicity of a friend's description, "It is all windows and flowers." The chronicler of "Old Garden" fancies and none other is to be associated with the masses of jonquils, hyacinths and pansies, whose notes of color define the unusual width of the main windows, and are equally in evidence against a background of soft white muslin, used as drapery for the curious little bay window on the second story. A few steps lead from the narrow sidewalk to the front door, and a moment later the visitor finds himself in a drawing-room of ample dimensions, reached by way of a tiny vestibule, and covering every inch of space on the north or Mt. Vernon Street side of the house. The maid servant in attendance disappears in search of her mistress, passing up the curved white staircase with crimson carpeting, placed to the left, and treated with due regard for decorative effect. A happy blending of comfort and luxury immediately makes itself felt, while a huge fire-place with a cord log blazing on its hearth easily dominates all other attractions, and finds its way to the heart of many an unacclimated stranger.

AUTHORS AT HOME: NEW SERIES.—Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott, 18 Dec. 1897. Mr. F. Marion Crawford, 15 Jan. 1898. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Feb. 19. Miss Mary E. Wilkins, March 5. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, April 2. Mr. Frank R. Stockton, April 16. Mr. E. L. Godkin, April 30. Capt. A. T. Mahan, May 24. Mrs. James T. Fields, June 4. Miss Edith M. Thomas, June 14.



### *Margaret Deland.*

Mrs. Deland lives all over her house, the different rooms on the first and second floors being in constant use, and equally familiar to her friends. If she has installed herself in the 'sunny library overhead, or in the salon opening off of it, you will as likely as not be summoned to join her in one or the other of these pleasant rooms, and will find the same simple yet luxurious appointments—the cheery open fires, the profusion of flowers, the tasteful and harmonious decorations—evenly distributed throughout the entire house. Books are stored away in every conceivable receptacle, Mr. Deland's taste in this matter, as indeed in most others, being as fully represented as that of his wife. One even runs across a set of book-shelves fitted into the wall at the head of the staircase, where the old-fashioned niche once held its place. But although they are found to exist in such quantities, neither books nor periodicals are allowed to become

an annoyance by being left about to crowd out other things and to collect dust. The exquisite neatness and order that prevail speak volumes for the refinement and managerial capacity of the mistress of the house. An authoress is supposedly the least practical of persons; and yet in this one instance an exception must be noted, for there are countless signs that the hand at the helm is both experienced and sure.

Mrs. Deland is of Scottish ancestry on her father's side of the family, and, as a lineal descendant of John of Gaunt, may be said to have sprung from the house of Lancaster. There is about her something of the freedom and indomitable strength of the Highlands—a look in the clear blue eye, a warmth of coloring, a cut of features, and, above all, a certain unruly assertiveness of stray locks of hair—that awakens memories of the heather and of the wind upon the hills, coming heavily laden with the odor of peat and fresh from its contact with some neighboring loch. And, again, there are moments when other and quite different pictures suggest themselves, as the outcome of a still more subtle relation to the fragrant treasures of her garden—the delicate mignonette, the open-hearted June rose—with just a touch of passion in its veins to make it kin with all the world—and the sensitive convolvulus, lifting its face heavenward to greet the light, but robbed of aspirations when the shadows settle into gloom.

The strong love of flowers finds its expression in a number of ways, and it seems extraordinary that a success which is seldom achieved by those who live in town should crown the efforts of one who apparently has but to touch a plant to make it live. A little fig-tree—the most notable of her triumphs, for it, too, was planted and raised within doors—lifts its branches and bears fruit as the central attraction of a group of tropical plants that flourish near the casement of the dining-room window. An India-rubber plant that is fast assuming proportions which threaten its banishment, spreads its glossy leaves in the middle of the library, and, overlaid as it is, one cannot fail to observe that the broad ledge of the window in the rear was arranged with a special view to the well-being of the various blooms seen thereon, and thus given the full benefit of the sunshine.

At the close of the winter Mrs. Deland has a sale of flowers in aid of some good cause, and also for the purpose of demonstrating that the cultivation of such plants as are raised under her roof, with no other care than that given from out of her own busy life, might be made to serve many a gentlewoman of reduced circumstances as a means of support. During the weeks that precede the sale, the house is ablaze with daffodils, and one leaves the snow and ice without, to enter on a scene more suggestive of Florida than of Massachusetts.

A wide diversity of interests draws very different kinds of people under this roof, for the sympathies of those who live under it are of extensive range, and their hospitality is without limit. There are the



MRS. DELAND'S LIBRARY IN MT. VERNON STREET

purely social functions, placing in touch representative members of the world of fashion and those whose gifts or strong individuality have lifted them out of the more conventional lines of thought and action. Mr. Deland, as an authority on football and the inventor of strategic moves which have materially strengthened Harvard's game, also gathers about him serious amateurs in outdoor sports, and is ever ready to prolong the pleasures of the post-prandial cigar by enthusiastic discussion of moot points.

Meetings in the interests of charitable organizations, civic matters, and all stirring questions of the day, make their demands on the time of a hostess whose tact and responsiveness are unfailing. When some interest of an exclusively feminine nature remains to be dealt with, or that bugbear of the male mind, a ladies' luncheon-party is in order, the genial host escapes to some such favorite haunt as the St. Botolph or the Tavern Club, leaving an almost startling substitute in the shape of a lifesize portrait by the well-known Boston artist, Miss S. G. Putnam, to smile a welcome in his stead. The portrait and the little bay-window first seen from the outside are the most conspicuous features of the upper salon. It is from this window that a view of the sunset and of the distant river may be enjoyed; and in looking up and down the street one cannot fail to observe the fine old mansions on the opposite side of the way, set back a considerable distance from the street, and with enough ground round about them to include in their surroundings old-fashioned grass-plots and flowering shrubs belonging to the past century. In presiding at her table Mrs. Deland does the honors



with cordial interest in those grouped about her, and while taking full part in the conversation, always contrives to draw out others, rather than to permit her individual views to be drawn upon.

As one of the first to introduce the use of the chafing-dish, her experiments in this direction must be quoted as unique, not only because of their most excellent results, but in view of the fact that everything that has to be done is so daintily and gracefully accomplished. It is simply astonishing how she continues to hold her place in the general conversation, while quietly mixing and adding the ingredients out of which some particularly delicious *plat* is to evolve. Everything has been measured out in advance and stands in readiness. This bit of Venetian glass, whose soft colors are intensified by the sunlight playing about it, holds just the proper quantity of cream; that small jug—an infinitesimal specimen of yellow pottery—contains but a spoonful of some dark liquid, as to whose mission the uninitiated may not guess. It is the very poetry of cooking, and it was hardly in the nature of a surprise when a guest whose travels had extended through the East gravely assured Mrs. Deland, on partaking of a preparation which had served as the *pièce de résistance* of the occasion, that its name as translated from the Persian could only be explained by the significant phrase,—“The Sultan faints with delight”!

As an author Mrs. Deland fully recognizes the importance of systematizing her work, therefore she has long made it a custom to deny herself to everyone during the morning hours in order to devote them exclusively to writing. The library, whose attraction has already been referred to, makes an ideal workshop, and as such deserves to rank as far and away the most interesting room in the house. It is usually flooded with sunshine, and is always light, the open fire contributing further brightness, and bringing into requisition a quaint pair of andirons, shaped in the form of two revolutionary soldiers standing on guard.

The window, framing a sheet of glass that might well prove problematic to a less capable housekeeper, gives on the rear of several Chestnut Street houses whose old roofs and old chimneys reach nearly to its level and are directly outside. A faint twittering tells of the presence of those *gamins* among birds, the sparrows, and a closer search for the little fellows reveals their bright eyes and ruffled feathers, as seen emerging from the crevices into which they have contrived to squeeze themselves in their search for shelter and warmth.

There is space beyond, with only the shifting clouds to gaze upon, and the stillness and repose of the spot speak well for the writer's chances in regard to the maintenance of moods and consecutive thought. The ill-starred fortunes of “Philip and His Wife” were followed from amid these same peaceful surroundings, and the commodious desk near the window doubtless held manuscript sheets



A PAGE FROM "THE OLD GARDEN," DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE

of the tale, as it now includes among its well-arranged papers the outlines of a sketch for the "Old Chester Studies" (now in course of publication in *Harper's Monthly*), and half-corrected proofs of material for a paper to be read at a woman's college. A cast of Mr. Deland's hand is suspended from one side of the desk, and his share in the possession of the room is indicated by a central writing-table with telephone attachment. If he chances to look up while transacting such business as invades the home, he will meet with the gentle face of one of Lucca della Robia's angels, or his eyes may wander from this relief, and the mantelpiece against which it is placed, to a large photograph of Boston, and a number of well-selected pictures covering the walls.

Mrs. Deland's first productions were in verse, and an idea as to their spontaneity may be gathered from the fact that several of the poems which appeared under the title of "In An Old Garden" were originally jotted down upon the leaves of a market-book, to be left in the hands of a friend whose sympathy and belief awakened the first sense of power, and to whom the volume was dedicated. One of these prosaic bits of ruled paper is still in existence. It bears the penciled words of "The Clover," and, by way of illustration, a graceful spray of the flower, suggestively traced over all, as if thrown upon the page.

When the Delands first went to Kennebunkport, it was a little fishing village of the most primitive kind, and life there, in the summer time, was refreshingly simple and unconstrained. A cottage was selected within a stone's throw of the river, and Mr. Deland's yacht, with its picturesque Venetian-red sails, became a feature of the scene. A disused barn, in a nook among the hills, was found to possess a charming outlook, and was immediately turned into a study. In this retreat "Sidney" was written. The glory of the garden proved a thing to be remembered, and its mistress was never happier than when delving among her treasures. Kennebunkport has grown into a popular summer resort, with its hordes of transient visitors, its countless hotels and boarding-houses; but the Delands pass their days in much the same fashion as when the pleasures of the river and the charm of the surrounding country seemed to belong to them alone.

That our authoress still counts her garden the most fascinating spot on earth, may be gathered from her own words:—"I am rather fond of rising at five o'clock in the morning, and of going out to weed when every blade of grass and every leaf is beaded with dew; and if the tide is high, and the sun comes shining over the hills on the wide blue river—weeding is an enchanting occupation."

LUCIA PURDY.

## Poe's Grave in Baltimore

### The Poet's Burial Described by One who Attended It

"IT WAS A COLD, raw November day when I buried Edgar Allan Poe, and I am the only person alive who was present at the funeral."

The speaker and his surroundings would have been a fine theme for Poe's genius. They constituted a picture of uncanny life that makes fiction surrender to fact. Fancy a man living a half-century amid the cheerful environments of mausoleums, his home a bit of a basement under a church, with a little window looking out on tombstones, with a deserted alley at his gate of iron bars, with an old stove for cooking simple food, and with an improvised bed for sleeping.

Once the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Baltimore was fashionable, and in the graveyard surrounding it are great vaults and colonial and revolutionary names, and the crowded ground has received the remains of many of the city's most distinguished dead; but a growing town has surrounded it with bricks and forgetfulness, and the sexton who takes care of the church informs you that he has no connection with the cemetery, and tells you to go around through the alley and rap as hard as you can at the iron gate. The alley is not clean, and when you peer through the iron bars, as if looking through a prison entrance, you see no sign of life. Your gentle rap brings no result, but when you hit the iron with a piece of brick and call out several times, a great hound as agile as a panther springs

with a roar towards you, and you are thankful that the bars are thick and strong. The dog surveys you, and finally runs through a low doorway level with the ground, and communicates his message in sharp, imperious barks. Then he returns and makes a few remarks as if to say, "My master is putting on his shoes and will be out in a few minutes."

An old man smiling at his seventy years and waving the dog aside comes forward and unlocks the gate, and assures you that the beast will not hurt you while you are with him. And then he leads you through the low doorway and then through another door into a low-pitched room humbly furnished. You feel as if you had entered a cave. You accept one of the three chairs, and if you have sympathy with the man who lives alone in such a place you need not express it, for he tells you cheerily that it suits him, and that since a feminine admirer of Poe fixed up the room, he has added luxury to comfort.

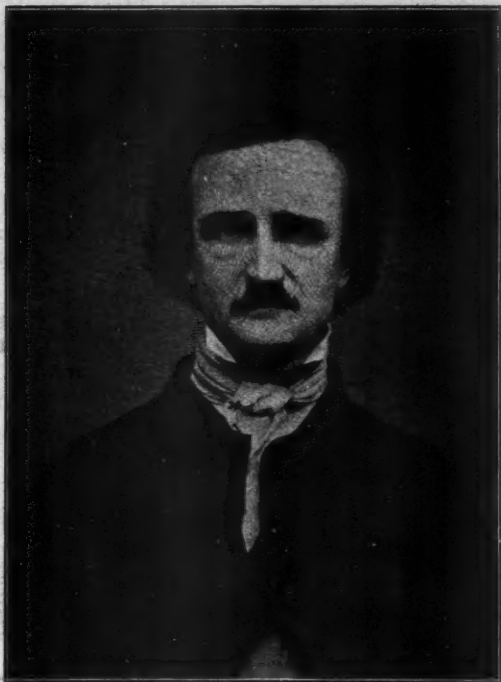
The name of this man is George W. Spence and he leads a healthy life of weird contentment. He has charge of the old graves, and it is a safe duty, for even the ghosts have crumbled into dust.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I never saw but one ghost in all the years I've been living here. One night I came in—well, I don't know how I got here that night, for I had been out enjoying myself, but from what happened I guess I went to bed in the hollow of one of the graves, and it seems that I hung my coat and hat on the headstone, and 'long in the morning when the moon rose, I woke up and saw somebody standing over me. I got away from there pretty quick, but as soon as I saw what was the matter with me, I went back and got my hat and coat and went to bed more orderly in the room here."

The invitation to look at the old graveyard, with its queer stones and marble pyramids and heavy masonry vaults, led from the gloom of the room to the open sunshine where the dog was tossing its latest victim with eminent satisfaction. "Greatest dog for cats in the world. If one comes inside these brick walls"—the yard is surrounded by high brick walls—"it is a goner. In the past two or three years I counted as high as seventy dead ones, and then I got tired of counting." This is the main amusement, and the other interruption in the queer life of the enclosure is the pilgrimage of the admirers of Poe.

Tennyson said that his chief desire to cross the ocean was to visit the grave of Poe. Both poets were born in the same year and it was Poe who was the first, in this country at least, to understand and appreciate Tennyson's poetry. To-day the visitors to Poe's grave are more numerous than at any time since it was made.

"Oh, yes, I remember the day very well. It was cold and wet and there was not much time lost in getting through. The funeral was at four o'clock. Rev. Dr. Clemm, the Methodist preacher who



EDGAR ALLAN POE

died a year or two ago, and who was a close relative of Poe's wife, Virginia Clemm, had charge of the services. He had prepared an address, but the day was so bad and there were so few people present that he didn't deliver it, but only said the usual words according to the Methodist way. There were, so far as I can recall, only seven people there; one was a woman. This was Mrs. Edmund Smith, who was with her husband, a cousin of Poe. Then there was one of Poe's classmates at the University of Virginia named Lee, and Poe's cousin Neilson Poe, one of the greatest lawyers of Baltimore and Poe's nearest kin, and Mr. Henry Hering, and some say the editor of the paper in which Poe's prize story was printed, but I don't remember him."

Halting at a spot in the rear of the church, Spence pointed to it and said, "Here he was buried, and he lay here for a long time until he was moved to the corner where you see the monument." This is a simple block of marble surmounting a granite base and with a medallion portrait of the poet on the front.

"It is not generally known, or it has been forgotten by most people," he continued, "that the remains of Virginia Clemm, Poe's girl wife, are also under that monument. I placed them there. They were sent on through the interest of Mr. George W. Childs, and they came in a small package not much bigger than a cigar box."



"Do many persons visit the place?"

"More than used to—generally women. One comes every year and puts flowers on the stone, and people from other cities and other countries drop in to look at the grave."

This, of course, is a source of income to Spence, and he always gives his reminiscences of Poe. In brief, they are that Poe was sad-looking, that he never seemed very prosperous, that one small drink with alcohol in it had more effect upon him than twenty drinks had on an ordinary man, that he could sing a good song and that he was dragged on the visit to Baltimore that ended his life.

A stone for Poe's grave was ordered by his cousin Neilson Poe, but before it was erected a steam-engine ran into the marble yard and ruined it. For years "Poe's neglected grave" was a local reproach. In 1865 the Public School Teachers' Association resolved to raise enough money for a memorial. A girls' high-school entertainment yielded \$380; another girls' school concert added \$75.92; Prof. Charles Davis of New York sent \$50; the young ladies of the Troy (N. Y.) Female Seminary gave \$54; one Baltimore man gave \$100 and another \$50; a school-teacher collected \$52; and then Mr. George W. Childs, who before making his fortune in Philadelphia was a clerk in a Baltimore book-store, made up the balance by a gift of \$650. It took ten years to get this small sum together, but the dedication of the modest monument in 1875 was a local event of unusual magnitude, with numerous addresses, music by the local societies, and the participation of thousands of school children. If it had not been for the women, the plan would have failed.

The literature of this dedication did much to turn the tide of abuse and slander which had followed his death and had found perpetuation in numerous biographies. Suggestions for epitaphs and inscriptions had been asked from the poets of the land and abroad and invitations to the unveiling had been sent to them. A reading of some of these letters, most of which seem to have been forgotten, is curiously interesting.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote in concluding his long letter of regret:—"The hearts of all who reverence the inspiration of genius, who can look tenderly upon the infirmities attending it too often, who can feel for its misfortunes, will sympathize with you as you gather around the resting place of Edgar Allan Poe and raise the stone with one of the few names which will outlive the graven record raised to perpetuate its remembrance."

John G. Whittier wrote:—"The extraordinary genius of Edgar Poe is now acknowledged the world over, and the proposed tribute to his memory indicates a full appreciation of his rare intellectual gifts on the part of the city of his birth." This was a strange mistake for the Quaker poet, for Poe was born while his parents were on a visit to Boston. Whittier added to his letter that he did not, as "a matter of principle, favor ostentatious monuments for the dead."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote:—"Your desire to honor his genius is in the heart of every man-of-letters, although perhaps no American



POE'S TOMB

author stands so little in need of a monument to perpetuate his name as the author of 'The Raven.' His imperishable fame is in all lands."

"I need not assure you that I sympathize heartily with the sentiment which led to its erection," wrote Lowell.

"I have long been acquainted with Poe's works, and am an admirer of them," said Tennyson.

Longfellow suggested that these lines from Poe's poem "For Annie" would make a suitable inscription on the monument:—

"The fever called living  
Is conquered at last."

One letter that was not read was from William Cullen Bryant, who said he could not write a poem for the occasion, and that his difficulty arose from the personal character of Poe, but he did suggest the following inscription:—

"TO EDGAR ALLAN POE,  
Author of 'The Raven'  
And other poems,  
And of various works of fiction,  
Distinguished alike

For originality in conception,  
 Skill in word painting  
 And power over the mind of the reader,  
 The Public School Teachers  
 of Baltimore,  
 Admirers of his genius,  
 Have erected this monument."

The suggestion of Oliver Wendell Holmes was the following, taken from Poe's verses "To One in Paradise":—

"Ah, dream too bright to last—  
 Ah, starry hope, that didst arise  
 But to be overcast."

As a matter of fact, not one of the suggestions of the poets was adopted, and the monument bears simply the inscription of Poe's birth and death. At the dedication exercises, which were quite long and included a learned disquisition on literature by a college professor, there were several incidents of value. Among the letters read, the one that produced the profoundest impression and gave the most satisfaction to the large audience was that of S. D. Lewis, a Brooklyn lawyer, a personal friend of Poe, who visited him often at his last residence, which he called "a beautiful, secluded cottage at Fordham, fourteen miles above New York." Mr. Lewis wrote:—

"Mr. Poe was the most affectionate, kind-hearted man I ever knew. I never witnessed so much affection and devoted love as existed in that family of three persons. His dear Virginia, after her death, was his 'Lost Lenore.' I spent weeks in the closest intimacy with Mr. Poe and I never saw him drink a drop of liquor, wine or beer in my life, and never saw him under the slightest influence of any stimulants whatever. He was, in truth, a most abstemious and exemplary man. But I learned from Mrs. Clemm that if, on the opportunity of a convivial friend, he took a single glass, even wine, it suddenly flashed through his nervous system and excitable brain, and that he was no longer himself, or responsible for his acts."

After paying his respects to the slanderers of Poe, the lawyer continued:—"He was always in my presence the polished gentleman, the profound scholar, the true critic, and the inspired oracular poet; dreaming and spiritual; lofty and sad."

Still more interesting were the reminiscences of John H. B. Latrobe, who was one of the chief literary, scientific and historical figures of the century in Baltimore, and probably did more than anyone else to help Morse with his magnetic telegraph scheme. In the second quarter of the century there was quite a literary revival in Baltimore, and such spirits as Latrobe and John P. Kennedy, the author who was afterwards a member of Fillmore's cabinet, and the brilliant members of the bar of the time, were at the head of it. They started *The Saturday Visitor* and offered a prize of \$100 for the best story and \$50 for the best poem. Latrobe and Kennedy and another were the committee of selection. "Seated around the table garnished with some good old wine and some good cigars," they be-

gan their critical labors. It was dreary work, and they had about given up in despair, when, to quote the words of Mr. Latrobe, who, being the youngest, opened the packages, "I noticed a small quarto bound book that had until then accidentally escaped attention, possibly because so unlike, externally, the bundle of manuscripts it had to compete with. Instead of the common cursive manuscript, the writing was in Roman characters—in imitation of printing." The committee filled their glasses and settled back to be bored, but as the reading proceeded there were exclamations of appreciation and admiration. The first read, Latrobe proceeded to the second and on through the entire book. "When the reading was completed there was a difficulty of choice. Portions of the tales were read again, and finally the committee selected 'A MS. Found in a Bottle.' One of the series was called 'A Descent Into the Maelstrom,' and this was at one time preferred. I cannot recall the names of all the tales. There must have been six or eight."

Mr. Latrobe denounced Griswold's statement that the prize was awarded because of the legibility of Poe's handwriting as "absolutely untrue," and Griswold's other statement that Kennedy took Poe to a clothing store and a bath and fitted him for respectable company, was denounced as "a sheer fabrication." Poe called upon Mr. Latrobe after the award of the prize. His clothes had evidently seen their best days, "but there was something about this man that prevented one from criticizing his garments," Mr. Latrobe said, and he added:—"Gentleman was written all over him." In the conversation Poe described a new story he was writing, and it afterwards appeared as "The Adventures of one Hans Pfaal." Poe got so excited in describing the trip to the moon that he carried Latrobe along with him in his enthusiasm, and when they reached the climax both burst out laughing because they had grown so interested. Poe had also competed for the poetry prize, and his poem was "The Colosseum." The judges afterwards admitted that it deserved the prize, but fearing to give both to one person, they awarded it to a local versifier named Hewitt, who wrote a great deal that escaped fame.

The name of Poe is still prominent in Baltimore, including leaders at the bar and in society, and when a second movement was begun, a short time ago, at a meeting at Johns Hopkins University, to raise a fund for a monument worthy of Poe's genius, many of that name were present. This movement started auspiciously, but it was about the time that the University, through loss of income from the failure of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad stocks to pay dividends, had to appeal to the public for a large emergency fund, and when it had finished with local generosity, there was nothing left for monuments. Still, the plan is only in abeyance, and it is certain that Baltimore will have an adequate memorial of Poe before long.

SUPERBROOK PARK, MD,

LYNN ROBY MEEKINS,

### Mrs. Howe and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE'S "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is known wherever the English language is spoken, and it is generally admitted to be the finest battle hymn of modern times, Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" being not a battle, but rather an anti-bellum, hymn. That the war now raging should bring it afresh to the minds of the present generation is not surprising. During the Civil War it was sung, not only from one wing of the army to the other, but from one end of the country to the other, for no song took such a hold upon soldier or civilian. It was sung to the music of the song known as "John Brown's Body"—as stirring music as was ever written. The words of the latter song were not particularly literary, but they were vigorous, and with the chorus of "Glory, Glory Hallelujah!" stirred the heart of many a soldier in camp and field.

That Mrs. Howe should have written this Hymn is not at all surprising, for she was not only a woman who felt deeply on all matters that concerned her country, but she gave the best of her life to its service. There was no one who labored more strenuously with pen and voice for the liberation of the slaves, or for righting all public wrongs. She was no mere theorist but a practical worker, and much of her work was done in rough, unplowed fields, and against fearful discouragements. She has lived, however, to see her dearest wishes realized, and now in the twilight of her days she might fold her hands and look back with satisfaction over a life well spent and victories won. But she is not one to fold her hands even when her greatest work has been accomplished, for she always sees more to be done and cannot leave it unattempted. Her interest in public questions is as intense to-day as it was on that December morning thirty-seven years ago when she sprang from her bed and in the uncertain light wrote out the Hymn that will keep her memory green through the years to come.

Those who believe in direct inspiration will understand, after reading her story of its writing, why Mrs. Howe's Hymn should be so much finer than any of its predecessors. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" appeared, as have most of the famous poems of American poets, in the columns of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Here is Mrs. Howe's own story of its writing, which was published afterwards in the same magazine:—

"In December, 1861, the first year of the Civil War, I made a journey to Washington in company with Dr. Howe, Governor and Mrs. John A. Andrews, and other friends. As our train sped on through the darkness, we saw in vivid contrast the fires of the pickets set to guard the line of the railroad. The troops lay encamped around their city, their cantonments extending to a considerable distance. At the hotel, officers and their orderlies were conspicuous, and army ambulances were constantly arriving and departing. The gallop of horsemen, the tramp of foot-soldiers, the noise of drum, fife, and bugle, were heard continually. The





MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

two great powers were holding each other in check, and the very air seemed tense with expectancy. The one absorbing thought in Washington was the army, and the time of visitors like ourselves was mostly employed in visits to the camps and hospitals.

"It happened one day that, in company with some friends, among whom was the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, I attended a review of our troops at a distance of several miles from the city. The manoeuvres were interrupted by a sudden attack of the enemy, and instead of the spectacle promised us, we saw some reinforcements gallop hastily to the aid of a small force of our own, which had been surprised and surrounded. Our return to the city was much impeded by the marching of the troops, who nearly filled the highway. Our progress was therefore very slow, and to beguile the time we began to sing army songs, among which the John Brown song soon came to mind. Some remarked upon the excellence of the tune, and I said that I had often wished to write some words which might be sung to it. We sang, however, the words which were already well known as belonging to it, and our singing seemed to please the soldiers, who surrounded us like a river and who themselves took up the strain in the intervals, crying to us: 'Good for you!'

"I slept as usual that night, but woke before dawn, and soon found myself trying to weave together certain lines which, though not entirely suited to the John Brown music, were yet capable of being sung to it. I lay still in the dark room, line after line shaping itself in my mind, and verse after verse. When I had thought out the last of these, I felt that I must make an effort to place them beyond the danger of being effaced by

Battle-hymn of the Republic.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
the Lord.

He is trampling through the onygdra where the  
grapes of wrath are strung;

he hath bound the fatigued hystering of his  
terrible swift sword.

This truth is marching on!

I have seen Him in the watchtowers of our hundred  
circling castles.

They have builded Him an altar on the  
summit down and damps;

I am read His righteous sentence by the dim and  
flaring lamps.

This day is marching on!

I have read a fiery godhead, with in burnished rows  
of steel.

'As ye die with any countenance, or with you any  
grace shall die,

Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent  
with his heel,

since God is marching on.

He has rounded forth the trumpet that shall  
never call retreat;

He is sitting on the hearts of men before his  
judgement seat.

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be ju-  
bilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on!

In the beauty of the hills Christ was born,  
nearer the sea,

With a glory in his brow that transfigures  
you and me:

As he died to make men holy, let us die to  
make men free,

While God is marching on!

John Ward Howe.

a morning nap. I sprang out of bed and groped about in the dim twilight to find a bit of paper and the stump of a pen which I remembered to have had the night before. Having found these articles, and having long been accustomed to scribble with scarcely any sight of what I might write in a room made dark for the repose of my infant children, I soon completed my writing, went back to bed, and fell fast asleep. After my return to Boston, I carried the verses to James T. Fields, at that time editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. The title, 'Battle Hymn of the Republic,' was of his devising. The poem was published soon after in the magazine just named, but did not at first receive any especial mention. I think that it may have been a year later that the lines, in some shape, found their way into a Southern prison in which a number of our soldiers were confined. An army chaplain who had been imprisoned with them came to Washington a short time after his release, and in a speech or lecture of some sort described the singing of the hymn by himself and his companions in that dismal place of confinement. People now began to ask who had written the hymn, and the author's name was easily established by a reference to the magazine.

JULIA WARD HOWE."

The admirable portrait of Mrs. Howe printed herewith is given through the courtesy of Messrs. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., by whom it is copyrighted. It was taken at Newport especially for Mrs. Howe's book "Is Polite Society Polite? and Other Essays," of which they are the publishers.

#### BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible, swift sword:  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;  
"As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my grace shall deal;  
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,  
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant my feet!!  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

### Written on Birch Bark

THE legend is that once when Orpheus played  
 Upon his magic lute, the forest trees  
 Were so enamored of the melodies,  
 They gathered round him charmed and unafraid.  
 But the prim birch, in sober suit arrayed,  
 Deeming a finer dress would better please,  
 Withdrew, and while she tarried, on the breeze  
 The lute's last echo vanished from the glade.

Expectant still, she patiently awaits,  
 In silver silence through the long dim years,  
 Those wonder-waves of harmony again ;  
 But ah ! the gods, with their large loves and hates,  
 Their joys, their cares, their tumults and their tears,  
 Are gone forever from the paths of men.

GARDINER, MAINE.

A. T. SCHUMAN.

### An East Indian Alabaster Box

"LIKE this alabaster box whose art  
 Is frail as a cassia flow'r, is my heart  
 Carven with delicate dreams, and wrought  
 With many a subtle and exquisite thought.

"Therein I treasure the spice and scent  
 Of rich and passionate memories blent  
 Like odors of cinnamon, sandal and clove,—  
 Of Song, and Sorrow, and Life, and Love."

1896.

SAROJINI C——.\*

A clever essayist has told us that gifts are always "representative of the giver." Of the truth of this verity I am reminded as often as I look at my alabaster box, the gift of Sarojini C——. Gift and giver alike come from the mysterious Orient; and each alike seems to me the fit casket of precious treasure. One who envies me the possession of this alabaster box, says of it, "It is a dream-lattice, and a thing to conjure by !"

True enough, the openwork carving of the alabaster does suggest a lattice, and there is much of necromancy in the pellucid tenderness of tinting which lends the complexion of a dream. Altogether this charming toy impresses me as having qualities most elusive of definition; nor am I ever quite sure of its material substance, that I shall find it again just where I left it, in its secluded nook, rather apart from other bric-à-brac and their fragile fortunes.

She who made me the enviable owner of this bit of "dream-lattice" is named for the Lotus, the sacred flower of her country. Of her name, she said to me, "There are nearly a hundred equivalents for the Lotus Flower, and mine, Sarojini, is only one of them.

\* The full name is Sarojini Chattopādhyāy.

Here, in England, it is pronounced in many different ways, and," she added with a smile, "I have even been called Sarah Jane, which I think is too bad, don't you?"

In my London note-book of last summer I find this entry: "To-day, in an old garden close by Hampstead Heath (the favorite haunt of Keats) I saw again the little Indian poetess, Sarojini C——. For her gifts and great promise the Nizam of Hyderabad (her native province) has sent her to England, for a course of study at Girton. This slender reed of a girl from a far shore seemed the music, audible and visible, to which should be set Shelley's 'Lines to an Indian Air,'

' I arise from dreams of thee,  
In the first sweet sleep of night.'

Indeed, these verses were constantly running in my mind, as I observed the slight lithe figure in its Indian dress of flowing lines, the dusk hair falling upon the shoulders; the delicately modeled face, the curved and eloquent little mouth, and tenderly pointed chin, and, above all, the soft, dark, quick-glancing eyes merry and melancholy, by turns. I thought of twilight and the first stars, and all that accompanies the night while the night is still young."

It was near Hampstead Heath that the "Ode to a Nightingale" was written. It is said that there are no longer any nightingales about Hampstead Heath. However, on the day to which the above entry refers, we were sitting so near the accredited haunt where Keats heard the "immortal bird," that we, too, might have heard the divine songstress, had her voice been lifted at that hour. And we fell to talking of him who, like Milton's beloved Lycidas, has become "the genius of the place." Now, there is a reverent fervor of expression (or of repression, as the individual case may be), when speaking of some high-priest of song—a manner that readily distinguishes the vowed acolyte from even the most appreciative layman. So it was not strange that I then discovered the ruling passion which possessed the soul of my new friend. She lived poetry, she "suffered" poetry as she said, and some day, if it were permitted her, she would write it worthily! I thought of Keats's own invocation beginning with,

" O Poesy! for thee I hold my pen,  
That am not yet a glorious denizen  
Of thy wide heaven."

A few days after this, I received a note inclosing what the sender characterized as a "crude wild little wood-song which has just this minute come into my head. I call it 'Leili,' which means night, in Arabic, but if *you* prefer 'Jâmini,' which, in Bengali, also means night, I shall substitute it."—Here are the verses.

I

" The serpents are asleep among the poppies,  
The fireflies light the prowling panther's quest



To hidden paths where simple deer are straying;  
 And parrot plumes outshine the flaming west.  
 Oh, soft the lotus buds, upon the stream,  
 Are stirring, like sweet maidens when they dream.

## II

"A caste-mark on the azure brows of Heaven,  
 The golden moon burns sacred, solemn, bright,  
 The winds are dancing in the forest temple,  
 And swooning at the holy feet of Night.  
 Hush, in the silence, mystic voices sing,  
 And make the gods their incense-offering."

These lines, it must be remembered, are the work of one barely eighteen years of age, who yet renders into the language of another land and zone a scene of alien beauty—but still impressing one with its verisimilitude.

Into our subsequent talks (which, I think, were always of poets and poetry!) two or three different languages were made to pour their treasures; and not only did this Indian muse recite for me, from memory, many lovely fragments in the original Hindostanee and Persian, but she would follow the sinuous mazes of their strange measures with ingeniously adapted English versions, which, I soon perceived, were her own. It is perhaps befitting, as it was characteristic of her, that my last recollection of the pleasant series, should have been when, in the slowly fading twilight by the Thames, she recited, at the request of some friends, this gem from Hafiz—first the original, then translating, as follows:

"You cannot see the perfume of the rose,  
 But see it in each petal subtly strong:  
 You cannot see my spirit, but it glows  
 In every song."

Returning to the thought of my alabaster box, as my eyes rest upon it in all its teasing and elusive beauty, I remember her who is its human counterpart. She, too, is elusive, and in my memory stands forth clad in the beauty of the spirit, as I saw her in the sweet English June in the old English garden—where, exotic-like, her transplanted young life basked in the summer air and sun, and whence, a little later, she playfully wrote me in a girlish note, "I am become a good strawberry-eater."

And thus remembering her, I am moved to address these lines

## TO SAROJINI.

Just because I once did see  
 Eastern maid 'neath western tree,  
 'Tis no reason, I should say,  
 She'll be there another day!  
 From enchanted lands she came,  
 And can change from flower to flame,—  
 Gem to sunbeam—anything

That can sail, with fan or wing,  
On the river of the wind,  
In the elfin fleet from Ind !

Once her little hand she gave.  
Otherwise she may behave  
On another day—perchance,  
There will be a bird's bright glance,  
Or a splendid orchid's bloom  
May surprise me as I pass,—  
Or a dewstar on the grass !

Whatsoever shape she take,  
Here's the speech that I shall make;  
I shall say (as fits the case):  
"Orchid, with the radiant face"—  
"Flitting bird, without a name"—  
"Dewdrop, of the starry flame,"—  
"Maid of Hyderabad,  
In your own true shape be clad;  
Known you are, through each disguise,  
For you never hide your eyes !"

But I, alas ! shall not soon revisit that garden—for it lies far beyond the sea—although in the dear old England where a native from remote India and a daughter of distant America met, once upon a time, as upon beloved common ground.

Sarojini, *vale longum* !

EDITH M. THOMAS.

### Sir Edward Burne-Jones

WITH all his faults as a painter, the work of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones may be said to be the most important achievement, on the whole, to be credited to any British artist of our time. The criticism most commonly directed against it is that it is "decadent," meaning that it is marked by the weaknesses, mental and moral, usually associated with that term. But it is only fair to add that this charge is uttered by people of whom it is charitable to say that they are themselves of no force whatever. The greater part of Burne-Jones's work is weak in drawing, and some of it is weak in conception, but not more so than the work of Leighton, Briton Rivière, and other painters who, though no one has tasked them with being types of the decadence, are really better examples of it. It was his strength and not his weakness that enabled him to overcome the opposition of British Philistinism, and to attain a fame accorded to few artists of his nationality. No one now seriously denies him rare qualities as a colorist and a decorative and imaginative designer. Salableness is not always a test of merit, but when a work which is not of a popular character attains such a price as that recently paid for his "Mirror of Venus" (\$28,610), it is certain that it is considered by the cultivated few to be of extraordinary merit. (The reproduction of the painting



PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HOLLYER

BY COURTESY OF F. KEPPEL & CO.

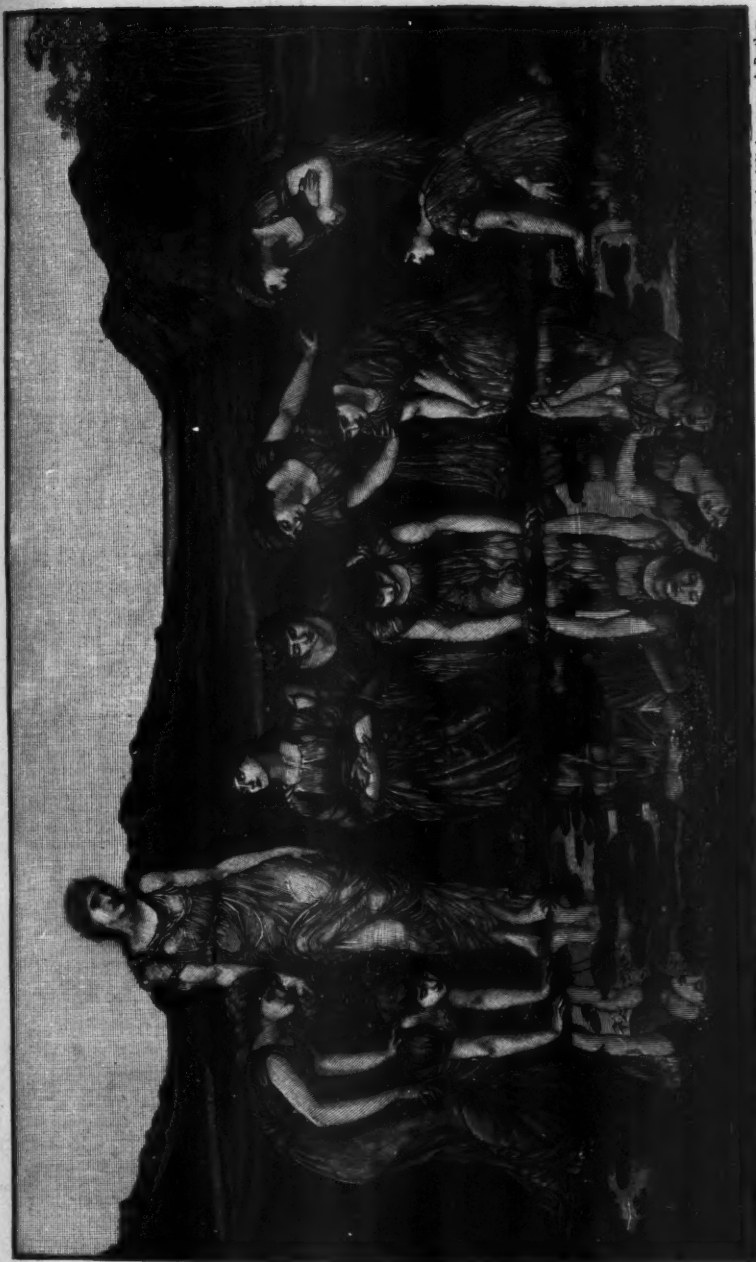
#### SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

presented herewith forms the frontispiece of Mr. Theodore Child's "Art and Criticism," published by Messrs. Harper & Bros.)

Sir Edward was cremated and his ashes buried at Rottingdean, Sussex, where he made his country home. His children bore the cinerary urn, and his wife laid a bunch of purple heartsease in the grave. "Rottingdean will greatly miss Sir Edward Burne-Jones," says a writer in the *London Outlook*.

"He and his wife lived there when they were not in London, and showed a warm and practical interest in the poor and in parish matters. Lady Burne-Jones, indeed, held office on the Parish Council, and did valuable Poor Law work, while Sir Edward himself had an enthusiasm not only for the working classes, but for that wretched substratum below the working classes who are so difficult to help, and who need so much patience and so much generosity. The church at Rottingdean is glorified by a beautiful stained-glass window from the hand of the great artist. St. George is in the centre, and there is below an exquisite representation of an angel leading by the hand a small up-looking child."

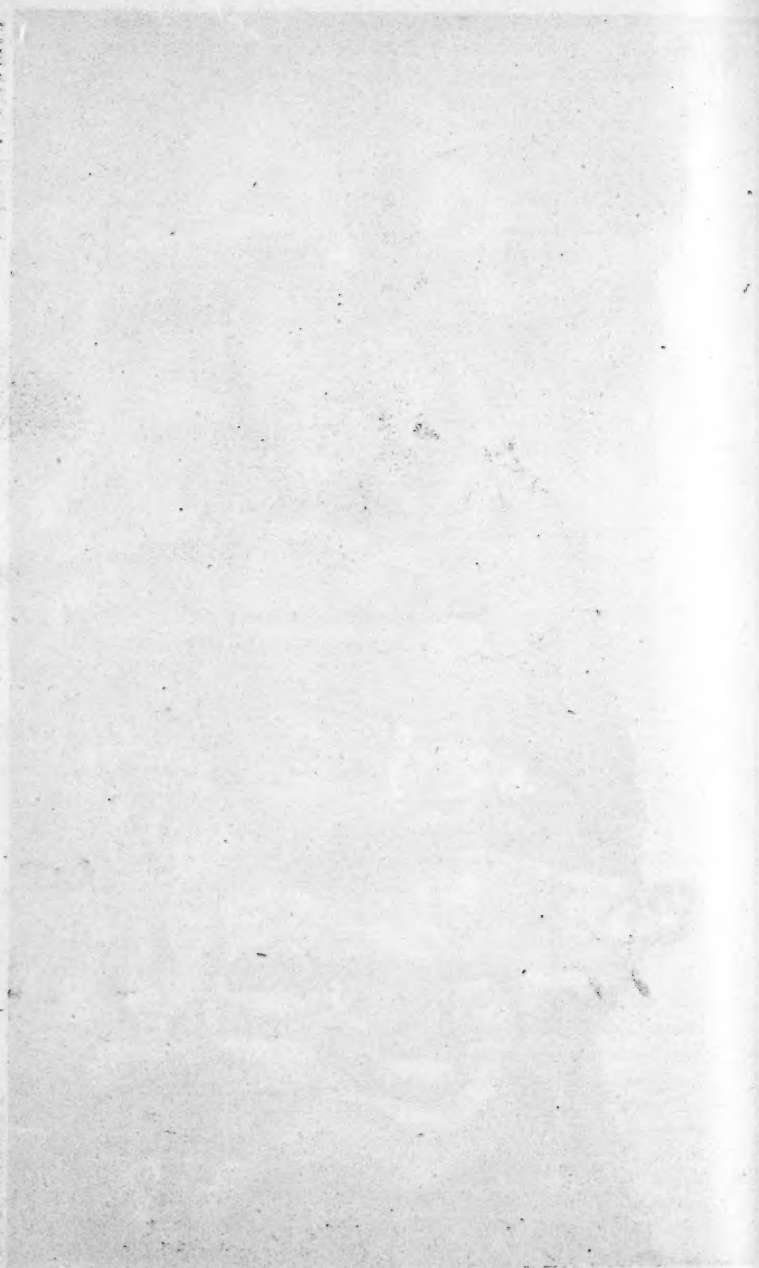
According to *The Daily Chronicle*, Sir Edward Burne-Jones was not the mere dreamer that some people supposed him to be, who judged him merely by his art.



Copyright, 1911, by Harper & Brothers.

SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES'S "MIRROR OF VENUS"

From "Art and Criticism"





"He might be a mediævalist in the studio, but he was a particularly live man of his day in many of the actualities of modern life. All social movements, such as those for the more rational enjoyment of Sunday, and for the opening of people's parks and of free libraries, had his cordial concurrence. He accepted the dedication of Mr. Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads'; and few spectators present in court day after day during the 'Parnellism and Crime' inquiry were so interested as he, or so sympathetic with the men and the movement then put upon their trial."

In the famous Whistler-Ruskin suit, Sir Edward was called as a witness in behalf of Mr. Ruskin. "Do you consider," asked Mr. (afterwards Lord Justice) Bowen, "that composition and detail are essentials in a work of art?" "Very certainly," replied Burne-Jones, who went on to say that the Nocturne under criticism contained "absolutely none," and that 200 guineas was "a great price" for such a picture. Sir Edward did not enjoy saying this, but he believed it to be his duty, and not to be shirked.

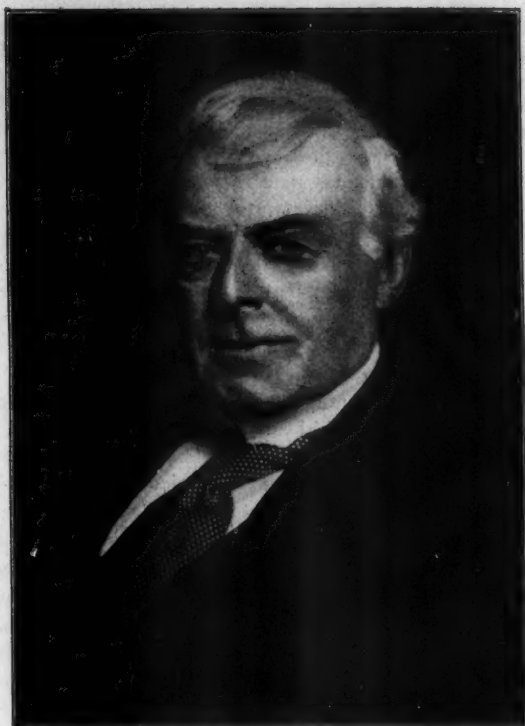
The death of Sir Edward recalls the fact that Lady Burne-Jones was one of three sisters, each of whom married an artist who became eminent. They were the daughters of the Rev. J. B. Macdonald, and one (Agnes) is now the wife of Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., another (Georgiana) the widow of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and the third (Alice) is the wife of Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, C.S.I., and mother of the famous author. These are not the only artistic connections of the family; for Sir Edward Poynter is the brother of Mrs. Clara Bell, the well-known translator and mother of Mr. E. Hamilton Bell the artist.

### Mr. and Mrs. Le Moyne

#### With Reminiscences of a Reading to Browning and Bret Harte

EVERY ONE who saw the performance of Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, "The Moth and the Flame," recently produced at the Lyceum Theatre, carried away as his most lasting impression the delightful impersonations of Mr. and Mrs. Le Moyne. It was not that their parts were so much better than others in the play, but that they threw so much vivacity and charm into them—the vivacity and charm of their own personality. If you should happen to read their lines in colorless type, you would be surprised to see how little there is in them, but spoken by actors who, you may say, read their parts between the lines, they took on a different meaning. Mrs. Le Moyne, it will be remembered, was once an actress, then a reader and is now again an actress, and I sincerely hope that she will continue, for at least a part of her time, in the latter vocation. It helps an actress to be a reader, and it helps a reader to be an actress. The best readers that I can remember were actresses—Fanny Kemble and Charlotte Cushman. Each art gains something from the other, and the audience gains from both.

In the rôle of reader, Mrs. Le Moyne, then Miss Sarah Cowell, visited England in 1884, and made a marked impression. I do not



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE CRITIC

COPYRIGHT 1896 BY HOLLINGER & Co.

MR. WILLIAM J. LE MOYNE

think that she read in public halls, but confined her performances to the more congenial atmosphere of drawing-rooms. It was while there that she met, among other men-of-letters, the one she cared the most for, and whose writings have meant more to her than those of any writer except Shakespeare. Of course I mean Robert Browning, whose poems Mrs. Le Moyne has done as much as any one person to make popular in this country. I asked her to tell me about her meeting with Browning, and she was good enough to write it out for me, and to give me permission to quote from her letter. Here it is, and it proves that Mrs. Le Moyne can write as well as read :—

"The Duchess of St. Albans invited me to luncheon, and there I met Mr. Browning and Mr. Bret Harte. After luncheon we talked of many things. I say we, but I only listened in delight, and spoke when spoken to, till asked about my readings in London and the poems that met with most favor there. English audiences, I assured them, would only listen to Bret Harte, Constance Fenimore Woolson and poetry dealing with rough western life. One great favorite was an anonymous poem, 'The Engineer's Story,' and many thought it was by Bret Harte. That afternoon I recited it, and Mr. Harte said he wished he had written that line:

'I heard the surge of the engine,'



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE CRITIC COPYRIGHT 1896 BY HOLLINGER & CO.

MRS. WILLIAM J. LE MOYNE

as the old engineer slackens the speed of the engine and reaches for the child on the track. I also mentioned that I was obliged to put 'Her Letter' upon every program. Of course they then begged me to give it to them, and I did so. At the line

'Of the few baby peaks that were peeping from under their-bed-clothes of snow,' Browning was heard to murmur 'fine, fine, fine!'

"Later, I turned to Mr. Browning, saying, 'In New York my audiences delight to have me read from your verse.' 'What do they care to hear,' he asked. 'The short dramatic pieces, like "Count Gismond," "Time's Revenges" and "Hervé Riel,"' I replied; 'but for my own pleasure, I delight most in the poems "Over the Sea Our Galleys went," "Meeting at Night" and "Love Among the Ruins."' He asked to hear 'Meeting at Night.' I attempted it, and realized how valuable to him was every word and how well he remembered his early poems. My nervousness caused me to stumble at the third line and ruin it by saying

'And the little startled waves'

The poet smilingly corrected me with, 'No, no, my dear,

"The startled little waves that leap."'

"Among other poems read that day was 'Hervé Riel.' This, you remember, was Browning's gift to the fund for the benefit of the widows

and orphans of the Franco-Prussian war. His publisher paid one hundred pounds for the poem, and the amount was presented to the fund. As I finished the recitation, he reached out and pressed my hand, and his eyes were full of tears. 'Ah! superb!' broke from Mr. Harte when I came to the lines,

'As the big ship, with a bound,  
Clears the entry like a hound.'

The whole afternoon was full of such moments. I comprehended better the value of words to the poet, and to all who love poetry. Mr. Stedman is right when he says, 'All poetry must be voiced.' Browning told us that his custom was to learn all about the heroes and legends of any town that he stopped in, and it was while going over the records of the town of Saint Malo that he found the account of 'Hervé Riel' saving the squadron in 1692. He said: 'I have told the story exactly as set forth in the records of St. Malo—with this exception: I put the story into rhyme and gave the hero "a good whole holiday" when in reality he had a *life* holiday.'

Again, after this I met Mr. Browning, and again some years later he was kind enough to remember me and send me a message from Venice."

The Prince of Wales's favorite among Mrs. Le Moyne's recitations was Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge's "Miss Meloney on the Chinese Question," which the reciter gives with such a delicious brogue that I believe she would make a success as Tom Grogan in a dramatization of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's novel of that name. It may not be generally known that such a dramatization exists, but it does; it was made by Mr. Augustus Thomas, and has never been played, possibly because no one has been found who could fill the title-role. Here is a hint to Mr. Charles Frohman, who, I believe, has the play in his desk.

From his French name and English appearance, most people have an idea that Mr. Le Moyne is not an American, but he is, and so were his parents, though his remote ancestry is French and Irish. Mr. Le Moyne was born in Boston in 1831, and he helped fight his country's battles in 1861, being Captain of Company B of the Twenty-Eighth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. Although an actor and a soldier, Mr. Le Moyne is also a student and reader, as his carefully selected library of over four thousand volumes attests. He enjoys acting, but I should not be surprised if he enjoyed reading even more. There is never a night that he cannot be found poring over a favorite classic into the small hours. There is no cosier room in New York than his study, I can hardly call it a library, for his books are scattered all over his apartment. It is a good-sized room on the sixth floor facing south, and looking over the tops of the surrounding houses. Here he has a fine collection of dramatic souvenirs consisting of play-bills and prints covering some of the remoter periods of the history of the stage. Altogether the home of the Le Moynes is a most attractive place with its pleasing mixture of literature and the stage.

J. K.

## The Edwin Booth Memorial Window

THE memorial window to Edwin Booth made by Mr. John LaFarge, which was unveiled in the Church of the Transfiguration ("The Little Church Around the Corner") on June 24, shows an actor seated on a stone bench beneath a tree, in the branches of which hangs a fold of violet drapery. This drapery, with the dark blue sky behind it, makes an admirable background for the figure, which is robed in green and red. The ample folds of the deep-red mantle fall about its shoulders and are drawn over the knee. The painting of the head and hands is uncommonly successful as to tone and value, the general tendency in stained-glass being to make the painted parts too light to accord well with the rich tones of the modern glass. The figure and its accessories as a whole produce an effect of beauty and mellowness but faintly conveyed by black-and-white reproduction. (See frontispiece).

The base of the window is marked by rich classic ornamentation surrounding a tablet which bears an appropriate inscription from Shakespeare. And below are inscribed the lines:—

TO THE GLORY OF GOD  
IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
EDWIN BOOTH

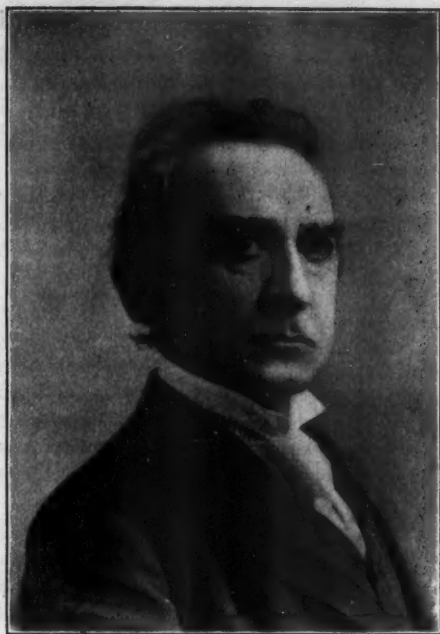
THIS WINDOW HAS BEEN PLACED HERE BY THE PLAYERS, 1898.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who was formally invited by Mr. William Bispham to unveil the monument, made the following concise and admirable speech:—

"Friends, and, as I glance about me, I may say comrades, the duty has devolved upon me to unveil this memorial of Edwin Booth, and I need not say I am proud of having been chosen to perform this task. It has been wisely decided to have a simple ceremony, and I shall be done almost as soon as I have begun. The words of Seneca are appropriate here: 'Life is like a play. It matters not that it shall be long, but that it shall be well acted. And let us be sure to make a good exit.' You know the honorable life and exit of Mr. Booth. So shall this memorial stand here, that future generations may come and witness what has been done in his honor by the men who lived in his day."

It has been said more than once that the figure of the man in the window is that of Edwin Booth, but this is a mistake, and one that could not have been made by any one familiar with the face of Mr. Booth. Mr. LaFarge at one time contemplated making a complete set of black-and-white illustrations for the poems of Robert Browning, and according to a writer in *The Century* for February 1881, this figure was designed as the frontispiece for "*Dramatis Personæ*." In a letter written to Mr. Russell Sturgis and printed in *The Evening Post*, Mr. LaFarge explains the meaning of his design, which he thinks has not been quite clear to many persons. In the course of the letter he says:—





MR. EDWIN BOOTH

"I had wished, and the committee with me, that our memorial might be specially an actor's memorial, suitable, of course, to a church. The desire to represent Mr. Booth we put aside. I preferred a treatment or choice of subject which might bring up or bring in association the ideas of a life beyond the grave; and I thought I had found this solution by the representation of an actor looking at his mask. The subject had the advantage of being a classical one, and of recalling the religious meaning connected with the mask—the person, as Jeremy Taylor calls it. You know, of course, that our word 'person,' as shown by this reference, means a mask—the part we play on this stage—our character—the station in life to which it has pleased God to call us. A celebrated actor himself has repeated the commonplace statement that all the world's a stage.

"I placed behind my actor, attired in Græco-Roman costume, the curtain or the veil behind which we retire; and in the architectural framework behind him I tried again to recall the association of the stage with religion by a little altar. The stage, as you know, in all lands, was first connected with mysteries, and the name for the early mediæval acting is again mystery.

"In the base of the window, as at first designed, I had placed an ornamental grouping of the emblems which connect the Greek stage with the Greek religious mysteries—the veil, the emblematic foliage, the sacred table and vessels, and the mask which represented again the life in this world over which we have only a partial control. The committee, however, decided that they would devote the entire lower part of the window to the quotation from 'Hamlet' which runs:—



ORIGINAL DESIGN ADAPTED FOR BOOTH MEMORIAL WINDOW

'As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,  
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks.'

(*'Hamlet,'* iii, 2.)

"This quotation had been used by Mr. Booth in a letter to a friend, in which he spoke of a desire of having it placed upon his tomb."

### M. Jean Richepin, His Play and His Personality

AFTER "Cyrano de Bergerac," the most successful play that Paris has seen for many a long day is "La Martyre," a drama in verse by M. Jean Richepin, now running at the Théâtre Français. The story is very much that of "Quo Vadis," but it was written and laid aside before that successful novel was known in France. M. Mounet-Sully plays the leading rôle, but perhaps the actor who attracts the most attention in the play is M. Paul Mounet, who assumes the rôle of a gladiator. He is described as looking like an antique bronze, and, judging from the portrait of him in the character, the description would seem to be an accurate one. All Paris is admiring his Herculean figure, and the face of which a Roman emperor might be proud.

A recent issue of the London *Daily Mail* contains an interesting account of M. Richepin from the pen of Mr. Albert D. Vandam, the



LE THEATRE

M. JEAN RICHEPIN AND M. JULES CLARETIE

author of that much-discussed book, "An Englishman in Paris." Mr. Vandam, who has known M. Richepin, off and on, for twenty years, declares that there is gypsy blood in his veins, which accounts for the nomadic traits in his character. "His parents," adds Mr. Vandam, "were sober, prosaic, stay-at-home folk, and only too happy to remain under their own roof-tree whenever they could secure one, which was not often, inasmuch as his father was an army surgeon, and as such bound to follow his regiment in its frequent change of quarters."

"A single glance at Jean Richepin suffices to explain the irresistible craving for change ; for no man ever bore the unmistakable stamp of his gipsy origin on his face as he does. The swarthy skin, the strongly marked features, crowned by a mass of semi-lustrous, fuzzy hair, absolve the genealogist from all further inquiry in that respect, even if the metallic, but, nevertheless, melodious voice, the Asiatic poise of the figure, and, above all, the love of bright colors, left a doubt on the subject in the genealogist's mind."

Mr. Vandam's account of M. Richepin is so very entertaining, that we yield to the temptation to quote freely from it. He continues :—



LE THEATRE

JOHANNES (M. MOUNET-SULLY) AND FLAMMEOLA) MME. BARTET

I remember as if it were yesterday the effect of Richepin's "gorgeous plumage" on me. Even at the period of my first meeting with him, the students of the Latin Quarter had ceased to make themselves conspicuous by eccentricity of attire. There were still a few who paid grudging and rare visits to the barber, and a few more who, like a certain headmaster of Eton, "dressed, but didn't wash." Upon the whole, though, the brasseries where a friend and I were spending part of the evening offered little or no vestural variety, as far as its male patrons went. Suddenly the door was flung open, and there entered a magnificent specimen of manhood, facially and bodily like a warrior-figure from the antique Greek friezes.

His dress might have been designed by the costumer of the Opéra Comique; no other sartorial artist could have invented it. Theatrical as it looked, it became its wearer admirably. His splendidly shaped lower limbs were cased in tight-fitting cashmere breeches and patent-leather hessians; the statuesque head was covered with a greyish Tyrolese hat, adorned with a crimson cord and tassels; the upper part of his finely proportioned frame in a dazzlingly white shirt of soft material, its collar thrown back over a black velvet or velveteen jacket. The human athlete was accompanied by a canine one, a colossal Great Dane, as lithe and supple as his master, and a comely young woman, particularly trim and neat, who, however, passed unnoticed between the two.



LE THÉÂTRE

M. PAUL MOUNET AS LATRO IN "LA MARTYRE"

Without being told, I knew that this was Jean Richepin. I had seen several of his portraits five years previously when he made his first hit with "La Chanson des Gueux," which not only led to fame, but also to prison—for one calendar month. The poet came up to our table and shook hands with my friend, M. Léon Cadart, who, although young, was then already the head of the well-known art publisher's which disappeared with him. Léon Cadart was Richepin's junior only by a couple of years, and had some knowledge of him which was denied to me and also to others. His father's establishment, which devolved upon the son at the sire's death, had been for a long while the daily resort of everyone distinguished in art and literature, and their satellites. I ceased to be a constant visitor in the latter capacity almost immediately after the war, when I took up my quarters in London. My exit from the pleasant scene of Paris life coincided with Jean Richepin's entrance on it; that was the reason why we had not met before that evening.

From our conversation, which was prolonged to the small hours, and from what I learnt subsequently, I feel justified in my remark at the be-



ginning of this paper, to the effect that "Le Chemineau" is a fragment of an autobiography. Born under the burning sun of Africa, christened by an erewhile Zouave who had become a priest, his certificate of birth made out by a staff-captain discharging the duties of departmental registrar, the lad Richepin practically led the life of a wild colt up to the age of five, when his father, having gone to the Crimea, left his mother and him in a modest lodging in the somewhat unsavory quarter of Belleville, then a mere suburb of Paris, but then as now a hotbed of ever simmering sedition and blatant demagogism. It was not an ideal home for a future poet, but such as it was, the recollection of the squalor and poverty witnessed there stood him in good stead when he wrote "La Chanson des Gueux." For while not keeping aloof from his fellow-urchins, the lad did not neglect his lessons, and, one feels sure, observed keenly for his age. Then his father returned from Russia, and the boy accompanied him from one barracks to another, apparently learning nothing but to beat the drum in a masterly fashion. Apparently only; at sixteen he stood first on the list of the Lycée Napoléon, and the distinction gained him a scholarship at the Ecole Normale.

The literary, philosophical and mathematical baggage he brought away from that institution did not promise to be fruitful in results. It only procured him an appointment as third or fourth master in an obscure provincial college, at a salary that would have been scorned by a decent man-servant. The appointment was thrown up in a little while. Then began a hand-to-mouth existence by giving private lessons, for his father stopped all supplies. "You had better buy a porter's knot," said bookseller Wilcox, eyeing the massive frame of young Samuel Johnson, when the latter applied to him for literary employment. Young Richepin did not wait to be told by any editor or publisher to use his bodily strength for a livelihood. Of his own accord he turned his biceps and muscles to account; but he did it in accordance with his histrionic proclivities, which had been considerably developed by his successful parts in amateur theatricals on speech day at the various colleges. He became a professional wrestler at fairs.

The Paris papers sang his praises, but the spirit of unrest began its work. He engaged himself "before the mast" on a coaster trading between Nantes and Bordeaux, and this time the "porter's knot" came in. It is to that experience that we owe his collection of poems, entitled "La Mer," than which, for sheer, unaffected pathos and downright honest strength, I know nothing better in the range of modern French verse.

Even the Bay of Biscay, with its constant dangers and hardships, was too narrow for his love of adventure. He was about to sign on a merchantman bound for South America when he fell in with a band of gypsies. The original melodies of their race constituted, however, no part of their programme. The chawbacons and Gallic Hodges before whom they performed preferred the modern music-hall ditties, and Richepin, in virtue of his Parisian training, was promoted to the post of *chansonnier-en-chef*. How long he would have remained must be a matter of conjecture; but the sister of the impresario offered him her heart and her hand. A refusal meant a stab of the knife on some dark evening. Richepin fled to Paris. The incident, considerably altered, has been utilized for two powerful situations in "Le Chemineau."

"The odyssey of shortcomings" was drawing to an end. A few transpontine papers began to publish Richepin's articles. The problem of constant breakfasts, dinners and suppers was as yet not wholly solved, but the bill-of-fare of the cheaper restaurants no longer read like a "Utopia." The letter F stood for "feeding" as well as for "fasting," and sometimes it stood for "feasting," as was attested by a Gargantuan repast—with regard to quantity if not to quality—which opened at midday and was not finished at six P. M., at which each of the guests had consumed seven luncheons without budging, and the bill of which entertainment came to 76fr. Each portion cost half a franc, and the company numbered eight. Allowing a third of the sum for the cheap wine—a liberal allowance assuredly—at 1fr. per litre, each of the party had stowed away more than three litres of liquid and twelve plates of solid. One of these, however, had an appetite like a mouse, and even as early as the beginning of the seventies drank tea. I am alluding to M. Paul Bourget, the well-known author of "Cosmopolis." That is why I made no mention of the coffee, cigars and liqueurs.

Gone are the days of feasting and fasting; Jean Richepin has not become a recluse, and short of failing health—which Heaven forbid—will never become one. He no longer wears the conical hat with tassels, nor the hessians and tight-fitting breeches, but the velveteen jacket remains, and so does the kindness to his fellowmen and tender-heartedness to animals and children. A cat, a dog, or a baby, be it never so plain, is sure to stop Richepin's progress, let his hurry be whatever it may.

### The Literary Agent

IF MR. W. H. RIDEING had written his article on "Literary Life in London," published in the June number of *The North American Review*, for the sole purpose of stirring up a hornet's nest, he could not have succeeded better. It is not that Mr. Rideing belittled the literary life of London, but that he "went for" the literary agent of London, and, if I may be pardoned the expression, "laid him out cold." Mr. Rideing has a deep-rooted dislike for the literary agent, born of a series of unpleasant experiences. There was a time when he made his annual pilgrimages to London in the interests of *The North American* and the *Youth's Companion*, dealing with the authors themselves, with whom his relations were in every case agreeable—as much so to the author as to Mr. Rideing, I imagine. Now all this is changed. The literary agent bars the way, and Mr. Rideing feels that the extra price he has to pay the author merely puts money into the pockets of the middleman. It is not as though Mr. Rideing were illiberal; on the contrary, he was famous for paying good prices for literary wares; but the agent raised even his generous figures, and set difficulties in his path. Naturally, therefore, Mr. Rideing does not look upon the agent with the eyes of love. He describes him as a man who finds it to his advantage to create discords between authors and publishers and who "works" the popular author not only for all, but for more, than he is worth.

In the last number of *The Author* to reach my desk, Sir Walter Besant comes to the rescue of the agent, who, by the way, is more or less a person of his creation. Sir Walter always takes the ground that author and publisher are at drawn swords, and therefore asks "when was there concord" between the two? "When has there been anything but suspicion and jealousy and blind resentment?" I can tell him when—before the days of the literary agent! In the good old days when authorship was looked upon by those who followed its pleasant paths more as a profession, and less as a trade. The relations between author and publisher in the days of Byron, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot and their contemporaries, were those of friends—generous friends, too, if the authors are to be believed. It was the same in America. Our famous authors had no quarrel with their publishers. Mrs. Stowe, so far as I have heard, never regarded her publishers with "suspicion and jealousy and blind resentment." We have no literary agents in this country, and I do not know but that we are as well off as though we had a dozen.

Mr. W. L. Alden writes from London to the *New York Times* in hot defence of the literary agent, whom he describes as "a very great benefit to the author and a very great convenience to the editor and publisher." As to his benefit to the author, Mr. Alden speaks by the card, for he places himself in the hands of the most distinguished of the guild—Mr. A. P. Watt,—for whom he has nothing but praise. Now, as to the "very great convenience to the editor and publisher," I have my doubts. I have heard editors and publishers speak of literary agents in terms that were far from flattering. Indeed, in publishing circles, while I have heard Mr. Watt praised for his integrity and business ability, I have never heard him spoken of as a "convenience," and I am quite confident that American publishers as a body would much prefer dealing directly with the authors, except in cases where the latter are notoriously unbusiness-like. In the matter of arranging foreign copyrights and collecting foreign royalties, I have no doubt that the literary agent is a great convenience to the author. It is the successful author to whom his services are valuable, rather than the beginner. The agent cannot make a market, but he can sell goods in one already created.

Mr. Rideing speaks of the great harm that the agent may do the popular author, and cites this instance:—

"The young author was 'boomed' so persistently that in order to fulfill his orders he had to rise at four in the morning, and then, sitting down with a typewriter before him and a phonograph at his elbow, he would carry along two stories at once. His first book was an instant success when it appeared a few years ago, but his last manuscript, delivered as 'per invoice' in the words of the agent, has been rejected by thirteen different periodicals, and is still in the market. 'As per invoice' expresses the agent's view of literature precisely."

"Who is this author?" exclaims Sir Walter Besant. "What is his name? I know all the novelists, I believe, who can be described as having made a great success 'a few years ago.' Not one of them can be the hero of the phonograph and the typewriter." Does Sir Walter really wish Mr. Rideing to give this author's name? It would be a very easy but perhaps not a very gracious thing to do. Sir Walter knows him perfectly well, if not personally, at least by reputation. The phonograph may be as mythical as the "weal cutlets," the coach and the flags that Pip described as part of Miss Haversham's outfit, but the typewriter could be produced in court.

"About this driving of the novelist," adds Sir Walter:—"He need not be driven unless he pleases. A man who consents to ruin his powers and to destroy his reputation for the sake of a little immediate gain, deserves no pity." In the first place, it was not for a little gain, in the case that Mr. Rideing alludes to, but for a very big gain, and the beginner in literature, the man who has not yet a rightful knowledge of his powers, may be led to overestimate them at the suggestion of an enterprising agent; and that was just what was done in the case of ———, but then why mention names?

J. L. G.

### A New Story Writer

THE MOST recent literary reputation in England is that of Miss Gwendoline Keats, who prefers to be known by the pen-name of "Zack." She has given as her reason for not using her own name "a natural veneration for a name which I felt belonged in literature to the poet alone." Miss Keats began to write in the columns of *Blackwood's Magazine* about two years ago; she wrote for the *London Outlook* also, and her stories at once attracted attention. Mr. Sidney Colvin told Mr. Charles Scribner about them, when he was in London last spring, and the New York publisher wrote immediately to Messrs. Blackwood and arranged for the publication of the book in this country. *The Academy* is very enthusiastic over these stories, which it thinks are a fulfillment rather than a promise. The volume is called "Life is Life," taking its name from the longest story. There is a picturesqueness about "Zack's" style and a directness that remind us more of Mr. R. H. Davis than of any other writer, but she does not choose the same subjects as the American author. She may not be the greatest story-writer that has appeared within the present decade, but she is one of the most original and forceful.

Through the courtesy of Messrs. Scribner we are permitted to reprint from the advance-sheets the most dramatic and the shortest story in the collection. The reader will notice that she has the happy faculty of painting vivid pictures without wasting words. This is a gift—or an art—which readers of the present day are not likely to underrate.

## THE STORM\*

A SUDDEN gale had sprung up from the north-east; great black-backed gull and feeble-winged puffin had been forced alike through the smoking mists inland. Night fell amid the clash of wind and sea. A narrow track winding round the cliffs led past a cottage; light shone from the windows, and in the kitchen were three women. The youngest lay in a truckle bed, a baby against her breast; an old woman, tall, gaunt, and white-haired, sat at a table, the Bible before her, muttering over familiar passages with awkward lips; the third moved softly about the room preparing supper. She stood a moment by the bed, as the child broke into a long, low wail.

"Poor lamb!" she said; "he frets as if your breast was cold to him."

"Maybe 'tis cold," replied the sick girl, indifferently.

"Ay, but not to-night, Nan," the other protested, "and his father out in a storm like this!"

"The Lord have mercy on the lad!" exclaimed the old woman, glancing up; "he's got that scamp Rab Tapp wi' him in the boat. Scores o' times I've told Joss 'twould be safer to sail 'long o' decent folk."

Nan stirred uneasily. "Rab's as good as the rest o' 'em," she muttered, "and a long ways handier."

"Handy wi' his tongue belike," retorted the old woman; "there ain't his equal for lying in this here parish. 'Tis only reasonable that the Lord should be angered agin him; though maybe the Almighty will mind that Joss has been a good son to me, and spare the boat."

She was silent a moment, listening to the continuous clamour of the massive door-bolts that barred back the storm. "Ay, that Rab," she burst out, fiercely, "they should cast him overboard the same as the men o' Joppa cast the prophet Jonah, son of Amittai. Who knows but the Almighty may be speaking now by the voice o' the wind—'Cast him out, cast him out, and the raging waves of the sea shall foam upon his shame.'"

"How dare 'ee speak such words as them!" cried the girl, springing up in bed. "The Lord ain't no Moloch to devour men's lives."

"And what's Rab Tapp's life to thee?" replied the other, sternly. "It ill becomes a mother with her first chile at breast to be taking such thought for furren men's lives."

"Come, come, mother," interposed the third woman, "let Nan be: supper's on the table, and you'd feel better for a snatch o' summat."

"I did well to name 'ee Martha," cried the old woman, turning on her. "Your thoughts be too much taken up wi' the things o' this world, What call have I for bite or sup when the great starved sea is hungering after my son? Ay, but Joss, lad, lad," she continued to herself, "and you that fond o' whistling!"

Martha made no answer, but, pouring out a cup of tea, brought it to the sick girl. "Happen 'twill quench your thirst a bit, Nan," she said.

"Tain't that kind o' thirst," replied the other, wearily.

"Take it all the same, lass," Martha urged; and the girl drank.

"'Tis salt as the sea!" she exclaimed, pushing the cup from her with a shudder. "Seems as if I knowed the taste o' drowning."

"And well you may," exclaimed the old woman, "when your man is forced so nigh to it."

\* Copyright, 1898, by Charles Scribner's Sons.



"Joss will not be drowned," replied her daughter-in-law carelessly. "What-for should he be drowned? Oh, my God!" she ended, with abrupt change of voice, as the hurrying scream of the storm wrenched its way through the cottage, "why did yer make the sea?" She flung herself back in the bed, and the child began once more to cry, but she paid no heed to it.

"Poor heart!" said Martha, stooping and raising the baby in her arms, "he frets over things." She walked to and fro in the little kitchen, her face pressed close against the child's, her soft brown hair mingling with his soft downy fluff. "My own chile," she continued meditatively, "was wonderful contentsome."

"Your own chile!" exclaimed the harsh-voiced old woman. "Why, your own chile was born dead."

"Her was never dead to me," Martha answered, gently. "I used to talk a deal to her lying there so close and trustful agin my heart. But now I sorter feel that if me and Jim had another chile, maybe 'twould be born dead."

"Ay, and no wonder," retorted her mother; "a more shiftless body than Jim I ain't come across—always trapesing round in searching work and never finding it. He's a poor stick; the sea never gave him no call, and you can sit here and eat your victuals content, come storm, come clear."

The sick girl raised herself on her arm. "There's one thing I never could fathom," she exclaimed with sudden interest, "and that's his being own brother to Rab. Why, he ain't no patch on him!"

"No," rejoined her mother-in-law, sharply; "he's more fool than cheat, for certain. If 'twor he out in the boat wi' Joss, happen the Lord might overlook him."

The girl's dark eyes flashed, and Martha interposed, in a hurt voice, "Maybe Jim ain't so quick at the take up as Rab; but he's mortal persevereshous at trying. After all, Nan," she added, "you ain't never seen Rab but twice."

"No, I ain't never seen him but twice," the girl repeated.

"And when ye did meet never spoke much to one 'nother!" continued Martha wonderingly.

"No, us never spoke much to one 'nother."

"Ay, certain," exclaimed Martha; "why, the last time he comed in here 'twas a matter of three weeks ago; you was sitting up in front of the fire nursing the chile, and he just stood over again 'ee by the chimney-piece, sorter thoughtful. 'Do you love it?' he axed, 'do you love it?'—but you didn't make no answer. Them were his words. Do you mind, Nan?"

"Yes," said the girl, softly, "I mind."

"'Twas a queer question I reckoned to put to a mother; but there, you ain't never been terrible took up wi' the chile."

"No."

"Maybe you didn't speak to him sorter tender afore you borned him same as I did my little girl."

"No."

"Yet 'twor my chile that wor born dead."

"Ay," the girl answered fiercely, "and ain't mine born dead too?"

The elder woman glanced at her in astonishment. "What ails you, Nan?" she exclaimed. "Why, the poor lamb is calling for the breast."

"I don't hear it call," the girl answered, stonily.

Martha looked down with sad eyes at the child on her knee. "You don't love it terrible tendersome," she said.

The girl, turning away her head, made no reply. Without the storm clamoured more fiercely, and the faces of the listening women grew white and tense. "Pray for them at sea," exclaimed Martha, glancing at her mother.

"And ain't I praying for 'em?" expostulated the old woman, passionately.

"Say the words aloud, mother, and let us join in."

The old woman clasped her hands, worn with toil, knotted with age and sank on her knees; her thin lips trembled, but no words broke from them. Wind and sea, as if in derision at her helplessness, burst into more hideous combat, and the thunder heaved its way through their clamour with a noise like the splitting of mountains.

"O God!" sobbed the woman, "he wor a good son to me—a good son to me." She was silent a moment, and the storm without upreared itself against the cliffs, rocking the cottage in its heavy embrace. "O God!" she burst forth again, "ye would have spared Sodom for the sake of ten righteous men, and 'twor a terrible big and wicked city—spare the boat cause o' Joss! I wouldn't have axed so bold if it wor a ship; but it's nought but a boat, mortal small and tiddleliwinkie, wi' only dree men an' a lad in it; and the lad's a decent lad come o' respectable church folk, no chappelites, a-setting o' theirselves up above their betters. Happen you're angered again Rab Tapp, and well you might be, for he's not over and above conspicuous in good works; still, he's young, and youth's larning time: but, if ye be terrible set on cutting him off—and I'll not deny the temptation—then, O Lord God! speak to Joss through the mouth o' the winds, same as ye did the men o' Joppa, so that he shall rise and cast Rab forth into the deep, and the sea shall cease her raging."

As she uttered the last words the sick girl sprang from the bed and caught the old woman by the shoulders: "How dare 'ee mind the Almighty o' Rab's weaknesses at such a time!" she cried passionately.

"And do you reckon that the Lord has forgotten 'em?" replied the old woman, in a hard voice. "Ain't they all written in the Book o' Judgment?"

"There be scores and scores o' folk on the sea to-night," the girl answered, "deal wickedder folk than Rab, and why should the Almighty be special took up wi' he? Oh, 'twas cruel, cruel of yer to put Him in mind o' the lad!"

"Ain't the names o' all sailor men written on the same page, that the Lord may read and choose in the winking o' an eye? And shall I see my own son cast away for fear o' speaking out?" remonstrated the old woman, fiercely. "My first-born, that lay at my breast and milked me trustsome? Shame on you to think o' stranger folk afore your own wedded husband."

While she spoke there was the sound of heavy knocking on the door without. Martha crossed the room, shot back the great bolts, and a man, pale-faced, drenched, and battered, staggered in. The old woman gave

an abrupt, keen cry. "My son!" she exclaimed, and would have taken him in her arms, but he put her gently aside and came towards the girl, who stood barefooted on the cold stone floor, her long brown hair curling over her coarse night-gown.

"Nan," he cried, "sweetheart, woman, wife, God's given me back to 'ee!"

"And Rab?" she said, hoarsely.

"The sea has taken its toll—Rab's drowned," he answered.

"'Twas he I loved!" she cried, and fell at the man's feet as dead.

ZACK.

## Book Reviews

### Byron's Letters and Journals

*The Works of Lord Byron. Letters and Journals, Vol. I. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero. Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THIS is Vol. II of the new edition of Byron, the first volume of which, containing the early poems, has already been noticed in *The Critic*.

Two collections of Byron's letters have been printed before. In Moore's "Life," 561 were given, increased to 633 in FitzGreene Halleck's edition of Byron (1847). The first volume of a third collection, edited by Mr. W. E. Henley (see *The Critic*, 6 March '97), appeared about a year ago. The present edition will be considerably larger than its predecessors. Of the letters down to August 22, 1811 (the limit of this volume) Moore prints 61, Halleck 78, and Henley 88. It should be understood, however, that most of the matter added by Halleck and Henley had been seen and rejected by Moore. Mr. Prothero prints 168 letters down to the date just mentioned, or 80 more than Henley; and of this additional matter more than two-thirds was inaccessible to Moore in 1830. A mass of correspondence accumulated by the grandfather and father of the present publisher Murray has been available for this edition, together with many biographical details which have never before been printed.

Mr. Prothero, nevertheless, pays this generous and graceful tribute to Mr. Henley:—

"No one can regret more sincerely than myself—no one has more cause to regret—the circumstances which placed this wealth of new material in my hands rather than in those of the true poet and brilliant critic, who, to enthusiasm for Byron, and wide acquaintance with the literature and social life of the day, adds the rarer gift of giving life and significance to bygone events or trivial details by unconsciously interesting his readers in his own living personality."

These letters of Byron, as Mr. Prothero remarks, appeal on these special grounds to all lovers of English literature: "They offer the most suggestive commentary on his poetry; they give the truest portrait of the man; they possess, at their best, in their ease, freshness and racy vigor, a very high literary value." The third ground is properly qualified by the expression "at their best"; for though the letters, except the very earliest, are alway easy, vivacious, and racy, it



CHARLES SCHIBNAR'S SON'S

LORD BYRON (ABOUT 1804-1806)

From a Portrait belonging to A. C. Benson, Esq

seems to us that comparatively few of them can be said to have any literary value. Byron had the happy faculty—one that would be natural and common, we should expect, but which is curiously rare—of talking with the pen; and this pen-talk, like the actual talk, of cultivated people is always entertaining and enjoyable. But most of these people, especially those of literary habits, as soon as they take pen in hand, begin to write—to compose—instead of talking or chatting. Women are less prone to this than men, as DeQuincey notes in his essay on "Style," though, if we remember right, he excepts the distinctly literary women.

Possibly, as Mr. Prothero assumes, Byron has "suffered from the suppression of the material on which a just estimate of his life may be formed." The destruction of the "Memoirs," in which he himself intended his history to be told, is undoubtedly to be regretted; but we are by no means sure that his reputation is the worse for the loss, or that the letters, on the whole, are likely to better it.

The earliest of the letters was written when Byron was not quite eleven years old, and is addressed to his aunt, Mrs. Parker, whose daughter Margaret was one of his early loves and inspired, as he says, his "first dash into poetry." He writes that his "mamma, being unable to write herself, desires" him to say that "the potatoes are now ready" and can be sent for; and he adds: "I have sent a young Rab-

bit which I beg Miss Frances will accept off [*sic*], and which I promised to send before." The few boyish letters are rather stiff and formal, as boys' first epistolary efforts are apt to be. In several of them we find references to his lameness, about which so many conflicting accounts have been given. It appears to have been due to "what would now be described as infantile paralysis, which affected the inner muscles of the right leg and foot, and rendered him permanently lame." Many of his friends—Lady Blessington, Moore, Galt, and the Countess Albrizzi among them—never knew which foot was deformed. Curiously enough, Thorwaldsen appears to have thought it was the left foot, and Dr. Millingen, who inspected the feet after the poet's death, says there was a malformation of the left foot and leg; but two surgical boots made for Byron as a child, and now in the possession of Mr. Murray, are both for the *right* foot and ankle. The trouble proved incurable, though Mrs. Byron complained that she had paid Dr. Laurie "at the rate of £150 a year" for his treatment of the case. Laurie himself ascribed his failure to the carelessness of the boy. "I much fear," he writes to Mrs. Byron, "his extreme inattention will counteract every exertion on my part to make him better."

Before he is sixteen he falls in love with Mary Chaworth, and does not return to Harrow at the end of the summer holidays. Inquiries from Dr. Drury, the head master, draws a letter from Mrs. Byron, who says she "cannot get him to return," though she has done her best for six weeks to induce him to go back. She adds: "He has no indisposition that I know of but love, desperate love, the *worst* of all *maladies* in my opinion. In short, the Boy is distractedly in love with Miss Chaworth, and he has not been with me three weeks all the time he has been in this county, but spent all his time at Armesley." This was in the latter part of October, 1803, and Byron did not return to Harrow until the next January.

Many of the letters of this period in the boy's life are to his half-sister Augusta, for whom he had a sincere affection, and who always felt for him the interest of an elder sister. Writing to her in April, 1804, from Southwell, he says:—

"My mother Gives a *party* to night at which the principal *Southwell Belles* will be present, with one of which, although I don't as yet know whom I shall so far *honour*, *having never seen them*, I intend to *fall violently* in love; it will serve as an amusement *pour passer le temps* and it will at least have the charm of novelty to recommend it, then you know in the course of a few weeks I shall be quite *au désespoir*, shoot myself and go out of the world *éclat*, and my History will furnish materials for a pretty little Romance which shall be entitled and denominated the loves of Lord B. and the cruel and Inconsistent Sigismunda Cunegunda Bridgetina, etc., etc., Princess of Terra Incognita."

These early letters to Augusta abound in references to his mother, whom he had come to dislike—to put it mildly—and who was apparently more to blame for it than he was, though he admits at times that his behavior is such as to exasperate her. Writing in August, 1804, he says:—

"I can send nothing to amuse you excepting a repetition of my complaints against my tormentor, whose *diabolical* disposition (pardon me for staining my paper with so harsh a word) seems to increase with age, and to acquire new force with Time. The more I see of her the more my dislike augments; nor can I so entirely conquer the appearance of it as to prevent her from perceiving my opinion; this, so far from calming the Gale, blows it into a *hurricane*, which threatens to destroy every-



thing, till exhausted by its own violence, it is lulled into a sullen torpor, which, after a short period, is again roused into fresh and revived phrenzy, to me most terrible, and to every other spectator astonishing. . . . No captive Negro, or Prisoner of war, ever looked forward to their emancipation, and return to Liberty with more Joy, and with more lingering expectation, than I do to my escape from this maternal bondage."

Augusta was so moved by repeated complaints in this strain that, in Nov. 1804, she wrote a long letter to Mr. Hanson (who had been employed by Mrs. Byron to look after the pecuniary and other interests of her son), urging him to allow the youth to spend his next vacation with him rather than with his mother. She says:—"My opinion is that as they cannot agree, they had better be separated, for such eternal scenes of wrangling are enough to spoil the very best temper and disposition in the universe."

The boy's next letter to Augusta is amusing in parts:—

"I owe her respect as a Son, But I renounce her as a Friend. What an example does she show me! I hope in God I shall never follow it. . . . It is the first duty of a parent, to impress precepts of obedience in their children, but her method is so violent, so capricious, that the patience of Job, the versatility of a member of the House of Commons could not support it. . . . My mother's precepts, never convey instruction, never fix upon my mind; to be sure they are calculated, to inculcate obedience, so are chains, and tortures, but though they may restrain for a time, the mind revolts from such treatment: Not that Mrs. Byron ever injures my *sacred* person. I am rather too old for that, but her words are of that rough texture, which offend more than personal ill usage. 'A talkative woman is like an Adder's tongue,' so says one of the prophets, but which I can't tell, and very likely you don't wish to know, but he was a true one whoever he was."

In October, 1805, Byron is at Trinity College, Cambridge. One of his first letters to Hanson is an order for "4 Dozen of Wine—Port, Sherry, Claret, and Maderia, one dozen of each." He writes to Augusta in November:—

"As might be supposed I like a College Life extremely, especially as I have escaped the Trammels or rotten *Fetters* of my domestic Tyrant Mrs. Byron, who continued to plague me during my visit in July and September . . . I am allowed 500 a year, a Servant and a Horse, so Feel as independent as a German Prince who coins his own Cast, or a Cherokee Chief who coins no Cast at all, but enjoys what is more precious, Liberty. I talk in raptures of that *Goddess* because my amiable Mama was so despotie."

But before the end of December, notwithstanding his allowance of £500, he is in debt, and writes to Augusta to ask her to be joint security with him for a loan of "a few Hundreds," which "one of the money lending tribe" has offered to advance him, if, being a minor, the youth will furnish such "collateral guarantee" for the debt. Early in the next March he writes to Hanson that he has "borrowed a trifling sum," and now wants to raise £500 "to discharge some Debts." He adds:—"My approaching quarter will bring me £200 due from my Allowance, and if you can procure me the other £300 at a moderate Interest, it will save me 100 per cent I must pay my *Israelite* for the same purpose." He takes credit for the economy in his extravagance in being "willing to pay as little money as possible, for the Cash must be disbursed *somewhere or somehow*," and if Hanson does not furnish it, "the *Tribes of Levi* will be the *dernier resort*." Hanson did not choose to help him, for Byron writes a little later:—"Your last Letter, as I expected, contained much advice, but no Money." He gets angry and demands the £200 as being due, £75 of it being for furniture

which it was understood was to be paid for outside of the regular allowance. No further letters either to Hanson or to Augusta appear in the printed correspondence for several months.

Many of the letters that follow refer to the publication of his early poems. In one (to Mr. Pigot, Aug. 10, 1806) he directs the printing of certain erotic stanzas "To Mary" in separate form, as they are "improper for the perusal of ladies." Writing to the same gentleman six months later (in Jan. 1807), he says:—

"That *unlucky* poem to my poor Mary has been the cause of some animadversion from *ladies in years*. I have not printed it in this collection [the *second* one, 'Poems on Various Occasions'], in consequence of my being pronounced a most *profligate sinner*, in short, a '*young Moore*' . . . I believe, in general, they have been favorably received, and surely the age of their author will preclude *severe* criticism. . . . This volume is *vastly* correct and miraculously chaste."

In February, 1807, he writes to the Earl of Clare:—

"My time has lately been much occupied with very different pursuits. I have been *transporting* a servant [his valet] who cheated me,—rather a disagreeable event;—performing in private theatricals [playing Penruddock in 'The Wheel of Fortune,' and Tristram Fickle in 'The Weathercock,' with great applause];—publishing a volume of poems (at the request of my friends, for their perusal);—making love,—and taking physic. The two last amusements have not had the best effect in the world; for my attentions have been divided amongst so many fair damsels, and the drugs I swallow are of such variety in their composition, that between Venus and Aesculapius I am harassed to death."

The rest of the letters in this volume deal largely with the publication of his poems, and are better known from former collections than these early ones, from which we have therefore drawn our quotations. The last few chapters are devoted to the correspondence with his mother (to whom he became reconciled after he reached his majority and was independent of her control) and other persons during his travels in Albania, Greece, etc.

The editor's annotations are very full, giving biographical and other details in illustration of the letters. The pictorial illustrations are portraits of Byron and his mother and views of Newstead Abbey and Yanina.

### "Talks With Mr. Gladstone"

*By the Hon. Lionel Arthur Tollemache. Longmans, Green & Co.*

MR. TOLLEMACHE is a good talker himself. He is not unaware of the fact, and not unwilling that others should note it. He records the bright things he said to Mr. Gladstone, and occasionally those which he did not remember to say; but we forgive him because they are worth recording. Often he shows no small tact in drawing out the Johnson to whom he thus plays Boswell. Indeed, the book is extremely interesting throughout, and one regrets that it is so brief—only 222 small pages of good-sized type. The matter, after a short introduction, is put under two heads: Talks in 1856-70; and Talks in 1891-96, the latter division being much the larger and the more interesting.

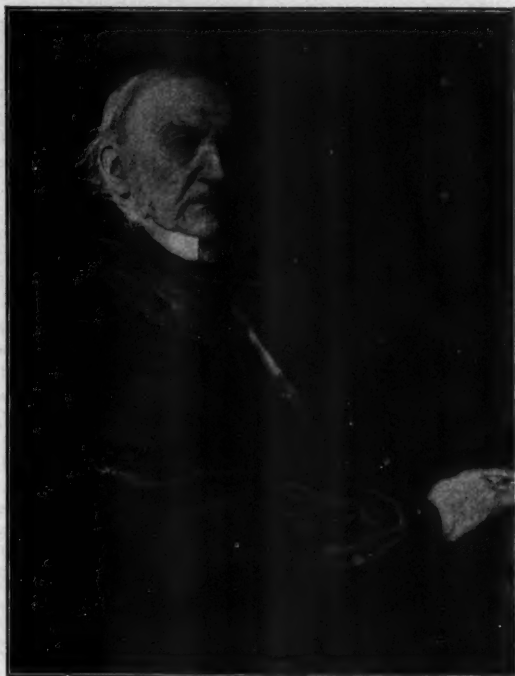
Gladstone's manner in conversing was "intense." His talk was "not rhetorical, but it was emphatically the talk of an orator"; not that it was "spouting" in delivery, but suggesting the note of the orator by "the frequent use of strong phrases vocally italicised," and "the not infrequent accumulation of nearly synonymous epithets where

perhaps a single epithet would have sufficed." The "oratorical faculty" of the man "generated in him an abnormal, if not morbid intensity of purpose," so that whatever he was moved to do he did with all his might. This was apparent even in comparatively trivial matters. Somebody said of him: "He will talk about a piece of old china as if he was standing before the judgment-seat of God." Mr. Tollemache himself noted once "the flashing eye and the Rhadamanthine solemnity" with which the great enthusiast dilated upon a specimen in his ceramic collection.

He spoke of the English literature of the nineteenth century as "quite extraordinary," even when compared with "the Elizabethan outburst." Its practical continuity was, he thought, a great disadvantage to living poets. "No book nowadays produces an excitement equal to that caused by Scott's novels. The nearest approach was the interest shown in Tennyson's last poems; but this was not at all equal to the interest awakened by Scott." He was himself a great admirer of Scott, and was indignant when he was disparaged. He thought him "the greatest delineator of human character next to Homer and Shakespeare." About Jane Austen he was not enthusiastic, and Scott's eulogy of her in contrast to himself and his own "how-wow strain" was due, Gladstone thought, to Scott's modesty and generosity. "Miss Austen was *parochial*, while Scott was *world-historical*—*Welt-historisch*, as the Germans would say." He maintained that there was a want of "harmony" in George Eliot's novels: "She makes such absurd people marry one another. Why did Adam Bede marry Dinah?" Of George Meredith he said that one of his daughters had made him begin "Diana of the Crossways"; but he evidently did not get through with it.

In Browning he does not appear to have become deeply interested. He said, however, that it was plain that the poet must be a remarkable man. The existence of the Browning Societies "showed how much trouble people would take to learn the 'grammar' of his language." He thought the three great poets of the world were Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare; but he regretted that Shakespeare seems to have been "a worshipper of the Tudor despotism." He once asked Dollinger whom he considered the two wittiest men that ever lived. He at once answered, "Aristophanes and Shakespeare." Gladstone adds: "This is just what I should have said myself." When the conversation turned on the recent succession to the laureateship, he said:—"I should have waited until some one of Tennyson's calibre had turned up. I felt a special difficulty in recommending a successor to Tennyson, because by far the greatest of our English poets was practically out of the running." He referred to Swinburne, whom he considered far above William Morris, who had been mentioned as a likely candidate for the honor if his socialistic opinions had not been against him.

When Mr. Tollemache expressed surprise at the extremely high praise which Matthew Arnold and others bestow on Wordsworth, Gladstone replied that he also was surprised; he could not understand why these critics rated the lake poet so much above Tennyson. We are gratified to learn, by the by, that Gladstone did not like Matthew Arnold's contemptuous view of Macaulay's "Lays." Gladstone said with emphasis, "I admire the 'Lays' very much. *They will live.*" But the pedagogues of our day blindly follow the lead of Arnold, and refuse to include the "Lays" in the preparatory reading for college—not because of any lack of scholarship in them, but because they "are not poetry"!



FROM THE PAINTING BY MILLAR

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

When his Boswell referred to genius as being "often one-sided," Gladstone replied: "No: talent is; genius is not." He would not except Milton, who, he said, "is an enigma—quite inexplicable." He was particularly strong in his condemnation of Milton's ideas of divorce, "which suited so ill with his Puritanism." Mr. Tollemache cited Shelley as a one-sided man of genius, but Gladstone declined to admit the validity of this instance, on the ground that Shelley, dying young, "never quite broke loose from the eggshell." Among men of science, he thought that Sir Richard Owen and Darwin bore the stamp of genius, while Huxley had "talent to any amount, but not genius."

Of Carlyle he said: "I dont look upon him as a philosopher. Tennyson once said to me a very good thing about him: 'Carlyle is a poet, to whom nature has denied the faculty of verse.'"

Sundry references to this country appear in the talks. Gladstone was of the opinion that Prof. Bryce, "in his account of the social aspects of America, had not dwelt enough on the influence of wealth." He thought that the "era of wealth"—of colossal fortunes—was setting in, and he regretted it. He was not, however, blind to the money-loving tendencies of his fellow-countrymen. When it was suggested that, in a war with continental nations, some English companies might be induced to supply the enemy with ships and arms, he replied: "O yes; for filthy lucre they would supply arms to the rebel angels against Heaven!" In answer to a question whether he thought there was any danger of a disruption of the American Union, he said:—

"I think none whatever. At the time of the American Civil War, the Union was subjected to a tremendous strain. There was a threefold antagonism: there was the opposition between the interests of some individual states and that of the Federation; between emancipation and slavery; and between Free Trade and Protection. Over these three dangers the Union triumphed, and I can see no dangers of equal magnitude to which it is now exposed.

When Tollemache quoted the remark of "An American politician, at once very distinguished and very friendly to England," that the Venezuelan dispute seemed to him "merely a symptom of a widespread animosity felt towards England" in this country, Gladstone replied:—

"I very much fear that it is so. And unfortunately this is not all. We seem to be unpopular all over the world. The French dislike us. The Dutch hate us, and naturally. The Germans showed what their feelings were by the way in which they seconded the monstrous and preposterous demand of their Emperor . . . I cannot help wondering whether, when England is so much disliked, it may not be to a great extent her own fault . . . The English are a very strange people. They have very great qualities; but also they have great faults."

Gladstone believed in the higher education of women, and, with some qualifications, in their modern demands for wider privileges and opportunities. He was disposed to open the professions to them, but would exclude them from the franchise. If they once got the franchise, "it would be hard to prevent their having everything else"; they would want to go into Parliament and "to become judges and generals." He would, however, give them a share in university revenues. It seemed to him "perfectly scandalous that, out of the vast incomes of the two Universities, not a sixpence has ever been given to a woman." He had urged this view at the time of the University Commission, but it was regarded as "too fundamental a change."

When questioned about his rules for the preservation of health, he laid much stress on the importance of Sunday rest. He also found that "a change of subjects was rest." He kept his mind "off politics after he was in bed." If out of health at all, one should promptly consult a physician, and obey his orders. "He himself, under orders, had given up bitter beer, which he called a 'divine drink.'"

But we must resist the temptation to further quotations. Every page suggests them, and one does not know where to stop. We have made our excerpts quite at random, with no attempt to select the best things, as the reader who is led to go through the book—and he is sure to go through it if he begins it—will readily see. Larger and more elaborate works on the grand old man will of course be written, but we doubt whether they can give us a more vivid and graphic portraiture.

### Mr. Bernard Shaw's Plays

*Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant. By Bernard Shaw. Herbert S. Stone & Co.*

IN PRINTING his plays, one of which, "Arms and the Man," is known to American audiences through Mr. Richard Mansfield's presentation of it, Mr. Bernard Shaw, in his ingenuously egotistical manner, informs us how, why, and in what way he came to write them, to get some of them produced, and now to publish them. He freely admits that the want of money has been his chief motive; he has long enjoyed as an artist and critic the best luxuries of the rich



and the immunities of the poor: but these things cannot be saved up against a rainy day, and now with old age (he is just forty-two) and retirement in view, he has been induced to try to provide for the future by making over his old work into books. It is, we fear, a treacherous staff to lean upon; but, judging from the ability which he displays in his preface, in drawing attention to the wares in the body of his book, he might, if he can bring his talents to bear upon other's works, make a fortune in a few years as a publisher's reviewer.

It is not that the plays, themselves, are without merit. Indeed, they are almost worthy of the praises which he delicately hints ought to be showered upon them. They will not make him rich; but, in their present form, they are eminently readable, if not playable; their characters live; and their problems (for they are problem plays) sometimes engage the attention. Their author divides them into two categories—pleasant and unpleasant. Ibsen, whom Mr. Shaw ranks with Shakespeare, has made us familiar with the idea that a play may be unpleasant in subject and in treatment; so that we are perhaps less shocked than we ought to be by Mr. Shaw's "unpleasant" dramas. The characters in "Widowers' Houses" are respectable people who draw their incomes from the wretched tenants of London slums. Dr. Harry Trench, a commonplace young Englishman, falls in love with Miss Blanche Sartorius; but discovers that her father's money has been made in the slums, and, in a fit of virtuous indignation, breaks off the match. But his father-in-law that was to be informs him that his own income is derived from the same source, which considerably modifies young Trench's sentiments, and a way is found of unloading the property on the city at a profit, which, though it involves something very like cheating, all but satisfies his scruples. In the closing scenes, Miss Blanche finishes his conquest by the tactics known to most of her sex.

If this play is unpleasantly realistic, much more so is "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Mrs. Warren is a modern Dame Quickly, whom a modern Falstaff, without his humor, but wealthy, has helped forward in her business until she can boast of establishments in all the capitals of Europe, run with Sir George's money and paying rich dividends. Her daughter is educated at Newnham, in ignorance of her mother's profession. But when that "genial and fairly presentable old blackguard of a woman" arrives on the scene, with her backer, Sir George Crofts, and tries to assert her maternal authority, the new woman in Miss Vivie rebels; and, as the battle proceeds, it becomes plainer and plainer that there can be no possible compromise between mother and daughter. Their friends and acquaintances, all outwardly respectable people, become involved in the fight, which ends by Miss Vivie cutting loose from both allies and enemies, and setting out to earn her own living in London. These two plays have considerable strength, and will probably live. "The Philanderer" deals cleverly with a lot of shallow "new" people and their efforts to play the old matrimonial game under the new rules, which, it seems, give a terrible advantage to the female, whose enormous privileges and powers are further brought out in two of the four "pleasant" plays—"You Never can Tell" and "Candida." The remaining two, "Arms and the Man" and "The Man of Destiny," are intended to take all the romance out of the playgoer's ideas of soldiering.

Our playwright's pet aversion seems to be the old romantic drama, and we cannot blame him, for it has long been dead, though unburied—so long, indeed, that, in our opinion, it is almost time for

a new romantic drama to arise. But in blaming the stage for fostering the hypocrisies of the hour, is he not almost as extravagant as his late friend, William Morris, who held that all our troubles arose out of the decay of the minor arts? If he is realistic in some particulars, it is only fair to say that Mr. Shaw's dialogue is much too good to be true to life, and that he has not made it a duty to be tedious. We might say more, but Mr. Shaw has anticipated us. In his divided preface, which is printed part in each of his two volumes, he has examined into his own style, opinions, capabilities and failings with so much insight and with such a charming disposition to make the best of what he finds, that it would be difficult to play the part of the good-natured critic without appearing to copy him. We must confine ourselves to advising the reader not to skip his preface. It will tell him a good deal about the author and something about the present condition of the English stage.

### "A History of the United States Navy"

*From 1775 to 1898. By Edgar Stanton Maclay. 2 Vols. New Edition. D. Appleton & Co.*

To those who know their Cooper, the perusal of these volumes must prove somewhat of an undertaking; though, let us hasten to add, an undertaking not without profit. The descriptions of naval operations



MR. EDGAR STANTON MACLAY

in general, and of sea fights in particular, by the author of "The Red Rover" and "The Pilot," while entirely free from those technical terms which so often perplex the non-professional reader, are yet so graphic, so breezy, so of the salt sea salty, as to spoil the taste for a more prosaic style, where the technique of the art of writing naval history is wanting.

It was long since declared that there is the "Artist in History," and there is the "Artisan in History." If we cannot always have the two combined, it is certainly better to dispense with mere art in favor of a correct record of important events set down in order. Mr. Maclay has accomplished this task in a praiseworthy manner, and his

history of our navy will easily take its place as the standard work on that now all-absorbing subject.

Availing himself of opportunities, enjoyed by few, of examining original documents in the archives of foreign governments, he has been enabled to obtain much valuable information not within the reach of other historians, and of which he has made the best use. Not only this, but the invitation contained in the introduction to the first edition, that he would be glad "to receive information bearing on our navy from reliable sources," has been generously responded to; many personal letters and private papers bearing on naval operations having been freely placed at his disposal.

The two volumes are divided into six principal parts. Volume I, Part First, takes up "The War of the Revolution," giving an account of the gradual development of naval warfare in this country, a comparison of the Navy of the United States with that of England in 1778, a full description—some twenty pages—of the celebrated action between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*, and an account of the prison ship *Jersey*. Part Second treats of the quasi-war with France, and of the war with Tripoli. Part Third gives the history of the War of 1812, concluding with its termination by the treaty of Ghent, 18 Feb. 1815.

In view of the excellence of the gunnery exhibited by the seamen under Rear Admiral Dewey at Cavité and those under Rear Admiral Sampson at Santiago, and the very remarkable disparity of losses by the combatants, it is interesting to learn from the author that good gunnery has always been a characteristic of American men-of-war's men. After five hours' hard fighting, at the battle of Trafalgar, for example, Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*, of 100 guns, lost 57 killed and 100 wounded, out of a complement of about 600. While in the action between the *Constitution* and the *Java*, which lasted less than two hours, the English lost 60 killed and 101 wounded, out of a complement of 426, against but 9 killed, and 25 wounded on the American side. In the action between the United States and the *Macedonian*, which lasted an hour and a half, the latter had 36 killed and 68 wounded, while the American loss was 5 killed and 7 wounded. The disparity was still greater in the action between the *Constellation* and the *French Insurgent*. The latter, out of a crew of 409, had 29 killed and 41 wounded, while the *Constellation's* loss was but 3 men wounded, out of a crew of 300! One seaman was killed, but he was put to death by the officer of his division for betraying cowardice early in the action. The destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago, Cuba, 3 July 1898, and the making of Admiral Cervera and 1700 of his command prisoners of war, was accomplished with the loss of but one man!

The evidence of care throughout the book and the scrupulous regard for accuracy warrant one in accepting the author's statements of facts and figures with perfect confidence. In the history of the War of 1812 the author adds a number of incidents and anecdotes that will be new to the great majority of his readers. Capt. Carden's intense mortification caused by the loss of the *Macedonian* is referred to. In a private letter to a friend, Decatur wrote:—"One half of the satisfaction arising from the victory is destroyed in seeing the mortification of poor Carden." We have it on good authority that Capt. Carden, walking back and forth, in the cabin of the United States, refused to be comforted. "Just think of it!" he cried, "that I should be the first in this war to lose a ship! What will they say of me in England!" "But you are not the first," returned Decatur. "Dacres was the first. Two months ago the *Constitution* captured the *Guerriere*." "Thank God for that!" exclaimed Carden, with fervor. "Thank God for that! and I am not the first after all!" From that moment he became resigned to his fate.

The moral effect of our naval successes during the war were altogether out of proportion to their military importance, if we may except the operations on the lakes, where, from every point of view, our victories were of the greatest value. The *London Times* of 30. Dec. 1814 is quoted by the author as saying:—"We have retired from the combat 'with the stripes yet bleeding on our backs. . . . Scarcely is there an American ship of war which has not to boast a vic-

tory over the British flag; scarcely one British ship in thirty or forty that has beaten an American. With the bravest seamen and the most powerful navy in the world, we retire from the contest when the balance of defeat is so heavy against us." This was quite true. The prestige of England, as the greatest naval power in the world, suffered a severe blow at the hands of the infant navy of the young Republic. But when referring to the treaty of Ghent, the author should not have failed to record the important fact that the treaty was wholly silent as to the principal points of the American contention—namely, that England should renounce the right of search and the practice of impressing seamen out of our ships; and this, too, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts on the part of the commissioners representing the United States. True, the practice was discontinued by England never to be revived, and the broad principle, subsequently laid down by Mr. Webster, has been accepted, that "in every regularly documented American vessel, the crew who navigate it will find their protection in the flag which is over them." But a fact so important in itself as the one to which we have referred, and in its bearings on subsequent events, connected with the history of the navy, deserves at least a passing notice.

Vol. II begins with Part Fourth, in which an account is given of the war with Algiers, the suppression of piracy in the West Indies, and of the African slave trade, the Mexican War, the opening of Japan, and the various exploring expeditions.

Part Fifth is devoted to the Civil War—1861-65,—and Part Sixth discusses the navy of to-day, concluding with the resolutions adopted by Congress declaring that war existed between the United States and Spain, and "had existed from April 21," the date on which Spain summarily broke off all relations with this country by handing his passports to the United States Minister, Mr. Woodford. The volume concludes with what is erroneously termed "Manila Captured," giving a brief story of Commodore Dewey's victory. The haste in bringing his history up to the last moment of going to press has led the author into an error. He says (page 584):—"By this victory Commodore Dewey obtained complete possession of Manila." Of course he meant to say complete possession of Cavité. At the present writing we are still awaiting the news that Manila has fallen.

In the Introduction the author says:—"Lieut. Roy C. Smith, U. S. N., has edited my work from a professional standpoint; but I have not followed all his suggestions in the matter of technical phrases." This determination was ill advised. It was unjust to the technical reviser as well as to the author himself. For, of the "land-lubberly" phraseology, to use the author's own expression (Introduction, XXVII), and there is a great deal of it, we are often left in doubt whether it is original with the author, or a mangling of Lieut. Smith's technical terms. Moreover, these "land-lubberly" expressions rather cloud, than make clear, to "the people" for whom the history is written, the descriptions of battles. It may be laid down as a proposition of general application that questions of art should be discussed in the terms of that art. The arts of navigation and of naval warfare should form no exception to this sound principle.

Mr. Davidson's realistic illustrations add not a little to the merit of the book. But "The Constitution at Close Quarters" (facing page 632, Vol. 1) should be omitted from future editions. As a fanciful representation of the decks of a frigate, it is quite too radical a departure from the accepted rules of naval architecture of that or any other period, to find a place in sober narrative.



Appendix I, giving a list of the ships of the U. S. Navy, is a valuable addition. Appendix II contains the Roll of Honor—recording the names of seamen who have won medals for bravery in action.

### "Nelson and his Times"

*By Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and H. W. Wilson. E. & J. B. Young & Co.*

THE WINGED VICTORY of Samothrace, which thousands of visitors to the Louvre have admired, and thousands will still continue to gaze upon, from every possible point of view, and admire more and more, as they study its varied beauties, shows that "age cannot wither nor custom stale" the infinite variety of the masterpieces of art. It is the same with the masterpieces of nature. The lives of great men may be studied from different standpoints; and characters that have left their impress upon their times may be delineated by different hands and still leave something new and instructive to be told of them. Cæsar has had admirers in all ages since his own. And yet in our day we have had what is modestly called "A Sketch," by James Anthony Froude, giving a most interesting picture of Cæsar and his times, Col. Dodge's admirable work on Cæsar in the "Great Captains" Series, and others; and Lives of Nelson and of Napoleon will continue to be written as long as genius finds appreciation in each succeeding age.

The authors of what we may call a pictorial life of Nelson have conferred a great and lasting favor, not only on the "millions of the great British democracy," for whose edification it was professedly written; but on all English-speaking people in both hemispheres who can comprehend the transcendent qualities of the embodiment of England's Sea Power. No apology, in the sense of an explanation, was needed as to the *raison d'être* of such a work as the one under consideration. The profusion, the varied character, and the excellence of the illustrations, alone, give the work a value peculiar to itself, and one possessed by no other Life of Nelson with which we are acquainted.

We wish as much could be said of the letterpress. A false note is struck at the very outset. The caption of Chapter I is "Childhood and Early Service of Nelson," followed by the sub-caption "The Navy in 1757—Execution of Byng—Cowardice before the Enemy—Birth of Nelson," etc. Then follow the opening lines of the text, giving a confused and incorrect description of the English fleet at Spithead, "tossing to and fro in the heavy swell and threatening to break loose from their moorings," "attention being fixed upon the quarter-deck of a seventy-four." "Boats laden with officers were constantly going alongside to disembark their passengers." "The deck was crowded with officers and men." "Presently there came up from the admiral's cabin to the quarter-deck a group of four men." One of these men was Admiral Byng who, there and then, suffered death by sentence of a court martial. The facts are, simply, that the fleet at Spithead were riding out a gale from the northwest. But the Monarque, the ship on board which the unfortunate admiral proved the victim of a politico-judicial murder, was lying some miles away in the upper harbor of Portsmouth. At the time of the execution no one was allowed on board save the officers and crew of the ship. The cabin opened on the quarter-deck. The admiral did not come up from his cabin; he walked out of the cabin to the quarter-deck; and the most authentic account adds: "It could not have been more



than two minutes from his coming out of his cabin, till he fell motionless on his left side." The authors refer to the dress he wore, but fail to explain [the sadly significant fact of his appearing in plain clothes. While on his way home from the Mediterranean after his failure to relieve Minorca, the *Ramillies*, which bore his flag, stopped at Gibraltar, where he received the Admiralty order of suspension. Such were his mortification and wounded professional pride, that he stripped off his uniform and cast it into the sea! At the head of the chapter, as already observed, appears the word "Cowardice" in connection with the honored name of Byng. On the next page we read:—"And now he had been shot, not because he was a coward, for his bravery before the firing party disproved that," etc. Did not the authors know that the court, in its finding, distinctly acquitted the Admiral of the charge of cowardice, and "unanimously recommended him as a proper object of mercy?"

But what has all this to do with "Nelson and his Times"? Nothing whatever. Admiral Byng was make a political scapegoat, and was executed 14 March 1757. Nelson was not born till about eighteen months afterwards, or 29 Sept. 1758. Not the slightest incident, as far as we can learn from the text, connected the two events. Had the opening chapter given some account of the causes which led to the Seven Years War, the conquest of India, the brilliant career of Clive and the splendid death of Wolfe in the hour of victory at Quebec, we might have had a very striking and appropriate picture of the times that gave Nelson to the world. The episode selected, badly told as it is, libelous and wholly irrelevant, is one no Englishman can be proud of. We should gladly have spared it. Nor is this all. In the preface we are told that "Nelson was the originator of that idea of Sea Power which has moulded our [England's] national life." If these words have any meaning at all they convict the authors of a curious anachronism. England's "national life" was "moulded" by the "Iron Barons" of the time of King John. That England owes her greatness to the possession of Sea Power, dating back to the time of Henry VIII, was the discovery of an American writer. Nelson's fame stands on grounds far too solid to need bolstering up by distorting the facts of history through meaningless phrases, or by detracting from others. Nelson was the highest exponent of a school of officers that had been formed by the long line of great seamen who laid, broad and deep, the foundations of England's Sea Power, if they did not "originate" it. We can readily subscribe to the dictum that Nelson "taught the lesson which all English people should take to heart, that while the British Empire maintains its naval strength, the freedom of its people and the security of its borders may be successfully preserved against any combination of the military powers."

### "In the Sargasso Sea"

*A Novel. By Thomas A. Janvier. Harper & Bros.*

THE SEA holds but few secrets for the teller of tales. From Defoe to Capt. Marryat, from Marryat to Clark Russell—not to forget "Treasure Island" and Jules Verne, nor, to be true, our own Melville, or Rudyard Kipling—it has yielded abundant and glorious material for stories of adventure. But at last the material seems to have become somewhat exhausted; certainly less spontaneous. Perhaps it is steam that has proved to be the bane of the novelist of the

sea. Mr. Janvier has not searched the endless waters in vain for a suggestion that was new and full of possibilities. The Sargasso Sea looms up large in our school days, in books of history and geography; then it is dropped and gradually forgotten. It lies there, impenetrable, mysterious, avoided by the mariner, unexplored, unknown. All that is unknown, however, contains the element of romance, awaiting only its discoverer to serve him and serve his ends. Mr. Janvier did not pass it by, but recognized its possibilities.

Not all ships that are abandoned go to the bottom. Derelicts are reported, marked on the charts. They float around for a while, helpless, a danger to their kind, and then disappear. They may all finally sink, or they may reach some unknown haven where they lie until the elements destroy them slowly, bit by bit. Mr. Janvier has located this final resting-place of the wrecks of the ages in the Sargasso Sea, and, what is more, he has sent his hero to discover and explore it. Here is a gathering of ships such as the world has never seen—from the Spanish galleon to our own gallant Wasp, which was last sighted in September 1814, not far from the Azores, and then vanished forever, and from her down to the modern steamship, with her cold-storage rooms and provisions for a thousand people. Here are clippers and brigs and schooners, honest merchant-men and slavers—one of the most gruesome discoveries of Mr. Janvier's lonely hero is a hold full of skeletons, with the wool still clinging to the whitened skulls,—barks and steamers of all kinds. He finds provisions a-plenty, and all the luxuries of the ocean palace—everything, indeed, except the means to leave behind him this floating graveyard, and that, too, he finds at last.

Mr. Janvier has written an entirely new story of the sea, and he has taken advantage of every opportunity it offered. There is a fascination about tales of a man alone in all a world of his own, and the reader feels the charm and submits to it gladly. It is so here. This tale deserves the attention of all who search for interesting reading-matter to while away an idle day. It is new in conception, and new in execution as well, and it will well repay him who takes it up: it will hold his attention to the end.

### **“Helbeck of Bannisdale”**

*By Mrs. Humphry Ward. The Macmillan Co.*

FOR THE first time since she wrote “Robert Elsmere” Mrs. Ward has permitted herself as subject a problem wholly religious, and, also for the first time since “Robert Elsmere,” her interest in the problem overpowers her interest in the individuals who embody it.

Helbeck of Bannisdale is a Catholic gentleman of Westmoreland, heir to the name and place, though not the wealth, of twenty generations of proud and devoted forefathers. He is the embodiment of his race, “of its history, its fanaticisms, its ‘great refusals’ at once of all mean joys and all new freedoms.” He is fine, austere, generous, impoverished and passionately religious. His elder sister marries at thirty-five a certain Stephen Fountain, a Cambridge lecturer, an agnostic and Radical, and in doing so breaks wholly with her brother, apparently letting her old faith slip. With her husband's death some thirteen years after their marriage she returns to her former religious allegiance and, becoming reconciled to her brother, goes to visit in the old home, taking with her Laura Fountain, her step-daughter, a beautiful, clever and impetuous girl



COPYRIGHT 1895 BY THE CENTURY CO.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

of twenty-one, who has grown very necessary to her step-mother in Mrs. Fountain's broken health. Laura, to whom it is a point of filial loyalty to be more radical than her father, is defiant, disdainful and suspicious at Bannisdale, yet, in the end, comes to love its master whom she began by hating and mistrusting. Like most incredible affections, this between Laura and Helbeck is intense in proportion to its unlikelihood, and so the foundation is laid for a tragedy which neither has power to avert. The rest of the book is but the evolution of this tragedy arising from the despairing inability of two people who love each other to harmonize spiritually.

The other characters are mere shadows compared to Helbeck and Laura. There are some relatives of the girl's father, small farmers who live near Bannisdale and play a little part in the evolution of her story. The aunt, Mrs. Mason, is a type of the bigoted evangelical, while one of her laborers, Daffady, represents the enthusiasms of Primitive Methodism, but none of the minor personages have any marked importance in the story, and one does not feel in their portrayal the care and affection which Mrs. Ward usually bestows upon her secondary characters. Neither has the book that richness of detail and incident, that firm and finely-woven background, with which the author is used to convey a feeling of the wealth and fulness of life itself. Something of the raggedness and austerity of the subject pervades the entire treatment, and we have simpler, bolder outlines, broader masses and less "atmosphere" than we expect to find.

This conflict between Helbeck and Laura which is the centre and circumference of the book—what is it in its essence? It is a

world away from common prejudices and religious strifes; it has nothing to say to the old feud between Rome and Protestantism. Laura is no Protestant. She is absolutely irreligious, emotional, passionate, unhappily endowed with a mind which has never been trained. She inherits her father's disbeliefs, but they are emotions, not ideas, to her. They are so much a part of herself that she is not free to use her mind upon them. The only religious development possible by any miracle to such an one is the slowly-evolved religion "of the free human spirit in its contact with the infinite sources of things." Her lover represents very concretely, almost harshly, the other religious ideal—that of the religion founded on objective truth, that is, dogma, and designed to discipline and regulate life down to the least action. The sanction of the one ideal is authority, of the other experience. The unbearable opposition into which Laura and Helbeck are thrown by these differences which are as elementally rooted in them as is their love, represents the unwilling but inevitable warfare between the old religious ideas—those which have sustained the race until now—and the new. It is an opposition fundamental and profound, inherent in the nature of things, which no effort of the will, no desire of the heart can overcome. Does the tragic climax of the story, which leaves both lovers defeated yet invincible, represent Mrs. Ward's belief that the struggle between the two ideas is a struggle to the death? or is it a concession to that demand of art which requires some note of harmony, even if it is only of harmony in overthrow, to follow such long discord?

As a novel "*Helbeck of Bannisdale*" falls short because the problem submerges the individual, not indeed because the individual is not vividly conceived and strongly and tenderly drawn, but because the problem, involving as it does the past of the race and the future, the long course of history and more of prophecy than has yet been uttered, is more exciting, more appealing than any single life or lives can be. The problem is felt ever present behind the person as a symbolist's meaning is apprehended behind its veil of woven words. This result is not intended by the writer, who makes an obvious effort to prevent it. The impersonal, abstract side of the relations between Helbeck and Laura is never dwelt upon, is, indeed, kept out of sight so far as the mere text is concerned. There is no long explanation, no sermonizing, next to no comment by the writer on the moods and actions of her creatures. They live an independent life. The part of chorus is once or twice very briefly played by Dr. Friedland, but in general the story explains itself. Yet in spite of this excellence of method and in spite of the warm humanity of the characters, the human-interest is, somehow, overborne and the book lacks just that touch of appealing reality with which Mrs. Ward elsewhere enlists the entire sympathy and affection of the reader. Simply as a stimulant to thought, however, it is the strongest book she has ever written, and that chiefly because of what she leaves unsaid.

It is a pity to have to mention it, but the book exhibits more than one sign of haste in its preparation. The proof-reading shows a dozen errors, and there are certain irregularities of diction which suggest that the writer herself must have been hurried in her final revision. In reading a lesser writer one pauses willingly enough to note assonance here and a phrase there which *may* be the revival of a Chaucerian use or may be carelessness, but in reading Mrs. Ward these things seem an intrusion, almost an impertinence. She is too good to be interrupted by such elementary considerations.

## "The Two Duchesses"

*Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THE TWO DUCHESSES of Mr. Vere Foster's book with this title are Georgiana and Elizabeth of Devonshire. The secondary title is:—"Family Correspondence of and relating to Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, Elizabeth Duchess of Devonshire, Earl of Bristol (Bishop of Derry), the Countess of Bristol, Lord and Lady Byron, the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Augustus Foster, Bart., and others, 1777-1859." The leading title is justified by the fact that this correspondence is mainly written by or to one or the other of the two Duchesses.

The beautiful Georgiana, whom Gainsborough and Reynolds delighted to paint, and who was as lovely in disposition and character as in person, was the daughter of the Earl of Spencer, while Elizabeth was the daughter of the Earl of Bristol. They were inseparable companions, living under the same roof for nearly twenty-five years. After a tour made together in Switzerland, Georgiana wrote an account of their travels in verse, which Elizabeth illustrated with landscape paintings. It is a pity that the volume contains so few letters of Georgiana, whom Sir Walter Scott declared to be the best letter-writer in the English language, and of whom Horace Walpole wrote (at least, the tribute is ascribed to him):—"She effaces all without being a beauty; but her youthful figure, flowing good nature, sense, and lively modesty, and modest familiarity make her a phenomenon."

In 1787, when Elizabeth was a young widow, she and Georgiana met Gibbon the historian at Lausanne. He had just finished his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and read some of the closing passages to Elizabeth, whose admiration was so warmly expressed that he surprised her by an offer of his hand. She declined it, but the two remained good friends none the less. Gibbon declared that she was one for whom "the wisest man, historic or medical, would throw away two or three worlds if he had them in possession," and that "if she chose to beckon the Lord Chancellor from his woollack in full sight of the world, he could not resist obedience." In 1809 she became the second wife of the fifth Duke of Devonshire. After his death she resided in Rome, where she spent much money for excavations in the Forum and was a liberal patron of art. Canova and Thorwaldsen were among her friends, and letters from both are included in this collection. Among the letters are some written by Gibbon, Sheridan, Fox, the Prince Regent, Alexander, Emperor of Russia (to Madame Moreau), and others besides the immediate relatives of the Duchesses. There are three from Lord Byron, and many from Lady Byron, which show her keen interest in social reforms on both sides of the Atlantic. The reference in one of them to "the *inclosed* 480 quarts of soup," which she wishes to contribute anonymously to a certain charity, is, of course, not to be interpreted literally. The editor mentions in his preface that his father was attached to the lady prior to the advances of Lord Byron, and that his suit met with the full approval of her parents, Sir Ralph and Lady Milbanke.

Readers who are interested in the personal history of the Duchesses and their family friends, or in their familiar comments on the history and politics of the time, will find entertaining matter in many of the letters; but to us the most interesting and amusing



have been certain epistles from Mr. Augustus Foster, afterwards baronet, who came to this country as Secretary of Legation in 1804, in which capacity he remained here four years, returning as British Minister in 1811, but going back to England at the beginning of the War of 1812.

He writes thus to Lady Elizabeth Foster from Washington, Dec. 30, 1804:—

"I have at last reached this soi-disant city, \* \* \* but such a place; you can have no imagination of it, it is so unlike every other sort or description of a heap of human abodes, calling itself a city. \* \* \* This place looks like—what, in fact, it is—an infant colony. Every man has built his house of wood or brick just where his fancy chose, so that there are hardly six buildings together in the whole of this immense space. I was presented to the President [Jefferson], who behaved to me very civilly in general. \* \* \* He is dressed and looks extremely like a very plain man, and wears his slippers down at his heels."

The British minister, Earl Granville, had gone to the reception "all bespeckled with the spangles of our gaudish court dress," and the contrast amused Foster, who adds:—

"Luckily for me I have been in Turkey, and am quite at home in this primeval simplicity of manners. However, they ought to establish some rule for foreign ministers if they will copy at all the customs of civilized courts."

Writing to Elizabeth a little later (Feb. 8, 1805) he says:—

"Though I have not as yet seen much of this country, I have seen enough to be convinced that it will not do to stay a great while in it. This, undoubtedly, is a miserable place, but the elect of all the States are assembled in it. \* \* \* I have frequently attended their Congress. There are about five persons who look like gentlemen, all the rest come in the filthiest dresses, and are well indeed if they look like farmers, but most seem apothecaries and attorneys. There is only one man who can speak well; he is the leader of the Republicans, or, as the Federalists call them, Democrats—Randolph. He is, I believe, going to England \* \* \* I shall give him a letter to you, for, though the strangest looking demagogue you ever set eyes on, he is very gentlemanlike, and, for this country, a prodigy. He has a little of the affectation of a self-taught and late-taught politician, but he is certainly clever, and, as a descendant of the Indian Queen Pocahontas, you will be interested about him."

June 2, 1805, he writes to the same lady again:—

"It is an absolute sepulchre this hole. \* \* \* The season has been delightful here, and when these degenerate sons of our ancestors arrive at a little taste this situation will be one of the finest in America. \* \* \* The women here are in general a spying, inquisitive, vulgar, and most ignorant race, and yet as ceremonious as ambassadresses. Even you, with all your resources and powers of self-amusement, would absolutely be puzzled here. You can bear many things, but you cannot bear vulgarity."

He thinks the people here have "become independent too soon for their own happiness." He adds that "the possibility of a division is even openly talked of in the public papers, and recriminations are exchanged between the Eastern and the Southern States; in short, they seem ripe for dissension."

In a subsequent letter to Frederick Foster, he describes the inauguration of "the successor of Montezuma," as he calls Jefferson, then entering upon his second term. The President went on horseback "from the Palace" [the White House] to the Capitol, where he took the oath of office; after which "he received levée [*sic*] at which all who chose attended, and even towards the close blacks

and dirty boys, who drank his wines and lolled upon his couches before us all; the jingling of a few pipes and drums closed the day." He saw "nothing dignified in the whole affair," but only "the unbounded freedom that reigns in this unbounded land." He seems to like the country less, the longer he lives in it. In a letter of July 30, 1805, to Elizabeth, he says:—"The scum of every nation on earth is the active population here \* \* \* Would you choose for me a fur Pelisse to be made up at Schweitzer's? The winters here are much colder than those in England, and I want to teach these creatures to wear something like dress of human beings." He writes to her again, Sept. 2, 1805:—

"You have no idea of how miserable the state of society is throughout, and radically so, but yet you ought to hear their pretensions to manners and to national honor and dignity, and at the same time of their meannesses, perpetual breach of faith, and perpetual lying. Talleyrand, who traveled here, said of the country that he did not like it because there was not a man in it but would sell his favorite dog."

In his next letter (Sept. 22, 1805), he declares:—"I would not come here as Minister to live in Washington with £10,000 per annum, and if I did I would not take—I was going to say my wife—I would not take my sister for £20,000. A woman of education and feeling suffers dreadfully."

We see, however, that he did come back here as Minister, but we have only one or two fragments of letters from him in 1812, in which he has more to say of his chances of winning Miss Milbanke than of American society and affairs.

The volume is illustrated with seventeen engraved portraits, including eight of the two Duchesses.

### Rousseau as an Educator

*Rousseau. By Thomas Davidson. The Great Educators. Chas. Scribner's Sons.*

THE EXCELLENT and illuminative series of biographies of the Great Educators is enriched by a very careful account of Rousseau and education according to nature, the work of Mr. Thomas Davidson, who has already written of Aristotle and the ancient educational ideals for the same series. Like the other volumes, this has a particular value for students of pedagogy in that it is not a mere biography, but even more a thorough and thoughtful consideration of Rousseau's whole theory of the upbringing of children as set forth especially in "*Émile*." And yet there is no single case, out of all the types selected, in which the biography is of more fundamental importance—for, as Mr. Davidson abundantly shows, the entire scheme of education must be read in the light of the "*Confessions*"; and Rousseau's ideal, at point after point, is a reflection either of that which he himself had or of that which he would have liked to have.

A short introductory chapter deals with the ideas and aspirations which had been current in the world, from the Greeks to Hobbes, before the time of Jean Jacques, and calls attention to the ever-increasing "tendency to regard human duty as a mere docile following of Nature, and no longer as a process of abnegation of the natural self in favor of a loftier ideal." Then follow fifty pages of Rousseau's life, told picturesquely and without extenuation, if without malice, for the almost incredible weakness and follies which, after all, he himself was not ashamed to set forth at length; and the bulk of the book is occupied by a searching and detailed analysis of the work in which he has portrayed his pedagogical ideal. Mr. Davidson points

out unsparingly each fallacy that underlies the scheme, showing not only how impossible of attainment it is with regard to the external circumstances of human life, but how inconsistent its parts are with each other.

It would have been scarcely worth while to treat of Rousseau as an educator, or to give so much space to "a spurious scheme, put together out of certain vague notions of history afloat in his time and certain fancies of his own vivid imagination," if it were not for the extraordinary influence which his passionate embodiment of the ideas then obscurely germinating has had in every department of thought. Mr. Davidson accordingly traces this influence in his concluding chapter, showing incidentally what all nineteenth-century literature owes to him—how much, for example, he did to make the "Lyrical Ballads" and the regeneration of English poetry possible—but especially how, in spite of the fact that most of his positive teachings have been rejected, he may fairly be called the father of modern pedagogy. Without him the work of Pestalozzi and Herbart, of Froebel and Rosmini, cannot be thoroughly understood, and this book, which shows a wide range of well-digested reading, may therefore very fitly be studied by those who wish to know something of what the education of to-day has avoided as well as of that to which it has attained.

### "Social Hours with Celebrities"

*The Macmillan Co.*

THE two volumes with this title form the third and fourth of the "Gossip of the Century," by the late Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne, and are edited by her sister, Miss R. H. Busk. Like their predecessors, they abound in interesting personal anecdotes of eminent men of Great Britain and the Continent—authors, dramatists, actors, preachers and people of note in society, or famous—sometimes infamous—in one way or another. The first three chapters of Vol. I deal with social celebrities in France; the next two with the Théâtre Français and the French Archives; the next two with noted folk in Belgium, Hungary and Spain; and the remaining four with ecclesiastical celebrities and preachers in England and France. In Vol. II the topics of the five chapters are Dr. Kitchiner, whom the author knew intimately from her childhood; Charles Waterton, "the Wanderer," to whose history and experiences more than eighty pages are given; "Social Adventurers," like the Comte de Saint-Germain, Chabert, the Fire-King or "Human Salamander," Charles Cochrane, Dr. Berrington, Risk Allah, the Duc de Roussillon, De Tourville, and Albert Grant; "The Making of Brighton"; and "The Making of Tunbridge Wells."

Brighton as a watering-place was the creation of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. Before he took a fancy to it as a residence it was a miserable fishing village. By his enterprise and determination it was made a prosperous town, its cottages transformed into palaces, its dirty thoroughfares into imposing avenues and squares. "It is the fashion," says Thackeray, "to run down George IV; but what myriads of Londoners ought to thank him for inventing Brighton! One of the best physicians our city has ever known is kind, cheerful, merry Doctor Brighton." Of the public buildings the Pavilion, a bizarre fancy of the Prince, is the most conspicuous and notorious. It was first known as the "Marine Pavilion," per-

haps because it was located where there was no possibility of a view of the sea. Sydney Smith has been credited with the *bon mot* that the edifice, with its profusion of domes and cupolas, looks "as if St. Paul's had come to Brighton and pupped"; but Mrs. Byrne ascribes it to Wilberforce—correctly, we presume, as she quotes from his Diary:—"The Pavilion in Chinese style; beautiful and tasty, though it suggests that St. Paul's had come down to the sea and left behind a litter of cupolas."

The place was early noted for the extortions of the hotel-keepers. In 1781 a facetious tourist, affecting to take the fish that served for a vane on the church of St. Nicholas as a shark, perpetrated the following:—

"Say, why on Brighton's Church we see  
A golden shark display'd,  
But that 'twas aptly meant to be  
An emblem of its trade.

Nor could the thing so well be told  
In any other way;  
The town's a shark that lives on gold,  
The company's its prey."

But Brighton has improved in this respect in these latter days.

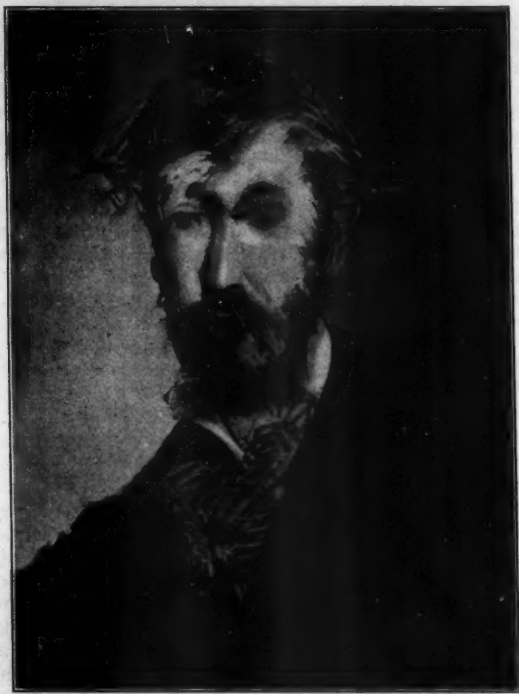
The list of the celebrities who figure in these racy pages would of itself fill a page of *The Critic*; and it is surprising to notice how few of the anecdotes concerning them are of a castanean type. Now and then one comes across a venerable specimen, but the great majority are new, and most of them are good. The author lived so much abroad, particularly in France, that eminent foreigners are very frequent among the personages gossiped about. Of Frenchmen alone we may mention Beaumarchais, Dumas *père*, St. Hubert, Louis Philippe, Dupanloup, Robespierre, Dupin, Cardinal Lavigerie, Talleyrand, Mirabeau, Emile Girardin, Napoleon III, Sarah Bernhardt, Louis Blanc, General Boulanger, Lamartine, Arsène Houssaye, and countless others.

The volumes are handsomely printed and adorned with more than sixty illustrations, mostly portraits.

### The Vocation of Mr. George Moore

*Evelyn Innes. By George Moore. D. Appleton & Co.*

WHY SHOULD Mr. George Moore write novels? The question, unfortunately, is one upon which his novels throw no ray of light. Yet when Mr. Moore writes such other things as literary and artistic criticism, he reveals himself as a very keen intelligence, dogmatic certainly, and peppery with prejudice, but brilliant, alive, seeing everything, understanding much, amusing always and instructing often. One would say it was impossible for this intelligence to be dull, leaden, stupid, lifeless—the reverse of everything which it has just shown itself to be, and yet, contrasting Mr. Moore's novels and tales with his essays, this is what we find. His criticism lives; his fiction is absolutely dead. His very style changes when he undertakes creative work. It loses its crispness and vitality and turns flat and stale. The sentences drag themselves heavily down the pages as if conscious that they are not worth reading. How different from the rush and "go," the straightforward and refreshing affluence of his other work!



PORTRAIT BY MANET FROM "MODERN PAINTING" CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SON  
MR. GEORGE MOORE

"Evelyn Innes" is a very long and deadly dull nightmare of a book. Not one character in it lives and breathes; not one description penetrates the mind leaving an image of the thing described. There is no action in the book and very little incident. It is psychological, but the psychology never for an instant convinces. Mr. Henry James, speaking of the significant limitations of French novelists, says "When they lay their hands upon the spirit of man they cease to seem expert." Mr. Moore, whose sympathies are largely Gallic, shares with them this limitation, but he does not possess their counterbalancing merits, and never has he seemed less expert than in this story. The heroine is the daughter of an organist and a prima donna, and inherits her mother's voice. As no other way of cultivating it opens to her, she runs away to Paris under the protection of one Sir Owen Asher. She develops after a year's study into a prima donna whose acting is even more wonderful than her singing. She possesses the histrionic gift so strongly that she is often urged to abandon opera for the drama. Ultimately she returns to London to sing, and while there becomes involved in another intrigue. This strikes her tardily as not quite high-minded. She suffers from religious scruples as to the morality of her career and finally decides to retire from the operatic stage on the ground that it is incompatible with purity of life. She is a shallow, unreal creature and the greater part of the very long book is taken up with her shallow and unreal reflections about all manner of things. There



is no perspective in the book; no selection, no light and shade, no relief. Everything is trivial and all the trivialities are treated as of equal importance. The whole effect is tiresome, unoxxygenated and depressing in the extreme. To read the book is to spend half a day without light or air. If any one but Mr. Moore had written it, it would not be worth considering. But Mr. Moore's proved intelligence entitles him to the benefit of the doubt. It is quite likely that he means something by this insufferable performance, but what, in the name of literature, is it that he means?

In deciphering his possible intentions in "Evelyn Innes," a knowledge of his critical writings is much more suggestive than any study of the text of the novel. Last year, in writing of "L'Education Sentimentale," he said that it was considered the most tedious of books when it first appeared, but that it is in reality "as wonderful as Michaelangelo's sculpture, Velasquez's portraits or Wagner's operas." Flaubert said to himself: "With the impartiality of a God I will paint everything that may happen in the life of a young man, the friends he knows, the things he sees, the places he visits, and to no one thing will I give importance or relief; an immense bas-relief it shall be, for nothing matters, philosophically all things are equal. . . . The entire phantasmagoria of life shall pass before the reader, scene after scene, all equally trivial, all equally meaningless—the eternal spectacle of human misery and the eternal spectre of ennui watching over it: that shall be my book."

The reader of "Impressions and Opinions" will recall that Mr. Moore expressed in "Mummer-Worship" his contempt for acting as an art, and his belief that "the stage is now a means of enabling the refuse of society to idly satisfy the flesh and air much miserable vanity." In view of these statements and of the quality of "Evelyn Innes," it is not unfair to suppose that its author reasoned somewhat as follows:—" 'L'Education Sentimentale' is a tedious book. It shows no selection, no perspective. It is also a great book. I will write a tedious book showing no selection, no perspective. It will therefore be a great book—and I will write it about an opera-singer who left the stage for religious motives, in order that my contention that actresses cannot be virtuous may be proven forever."

If this supposition does any injustice to Mr. Moore's mental processes, it is because he has already done them every possible injustice himself.

### "Aristocracy and Evolution"

By W. H. Mallock. The Macmillan Co.

AMONG the floating traditions of Oxford life is one to the effect that the great Master of Balliol said of Mr. Mallock, at that time emerging from the *status pupillaris*, that he would never do anything more in the world than write a second-rate novel or two; but the judgment, while possessing all Jowett's dogmatic incisiveness, has been abundantly proved to show less than his usual insight. Such a work as the present volume is the best refutation of it; and while some of us, given to seeking in this workaday world rather for amusement than instruction, might have more joyfully welcomed another "New Republic," we cannot underestimate the value of Mr. Mallock's sociological productions, of which this is the most considerable in its scope, as well as the most philosophical in its method.

Leaving to one side the "Old Order" in the more romantic and

chivalrous aspects with which one of his novels has proved him to be so much in sympathy, he gives to the word "aristocracy" a purely modern and, so to speak, commercial annotation. It means no longer the "great nobles" of whom Ouida is wont to speak so seductively, but only "the exceptionally gifted and efficient minority, no matter what the position in which its members may have been born, or what the sphere of social progress in which their exceptional efficiency shows itself."

The thesis to the disproof of which a large part of the book is devoted is stated with a curious exactness by Hobbes, though Mr. Mallock does not refer to him, preferring rather to enter the lists against nineteenth-century socialists, notably Mr. Spencer and Mr. Kidd, with side glances at the two American apostles who have lately gone from us, Edward Bellamy and Henry George. These are Hobbes's words—"Nature has made men so equal in faculties of the body and mind, as that though there be found one man sometimes manifestly stronger in body, or of quicker mind, than another, yet when all is reckoned together, the difference between man and man is not so considerable as that one man can thereupon claim to himself any benefit to which another may not pretend as well as he." Mr. Mallock has little difficulty in showing how far from true this is: in demonstrating that practically all progress is due to the organizing power of certain exceptionally gifted individuals—"the few" having the same office in regard to material growth as Matthew Arnold attributed to them in the region of intellectual culture. Modern socialists (here again throwing back to Locke, who held that all property was rightfully due to labor) are in the habit of arraigning the rich man as a robber who, by some occult process, has succeeded in appropriating to himself the greater part of the wealth which "the toilers" have created. Mr. Mallock points out the obvious truth that the mass of average men might have gone on for centuries without notably quickening the progress of the race, had the Great (or exceptional) Man not been present to organize, direct, and inspire them.

With that combined clearness of perception and lucidity of expression which is one of his most useful characteristics, he differentiates evolution, distinguishing between the struggle that ends in the survival of the fittest, a slow and very gradual process, and the increasingly rapid growth of which our century is the shining example, due to the contest for domination between "exceptional" men. This contest, he maintains, apart from religion and morals, is the real force operating in the world to-day. Brushing away with inexorable logic the sophistical fallacies of modern socialists, he contends that the capitalistic wage-system is the only workable method of applying this force among free men; for, as he shows, the status proposed for the laborers by socialism is exactly the same as that of slavery—the slave having his living provided for him independently of the amount of his work, and being compelled to labor by a system of punishments.

In the last of the four books into which the argument is divided, he takes up for the first time the motives which will actuate the exceptional man to produce wealth, showing by an analysis too detailed for reproduction here, that the possibility of attaining an exceptional reward is the only one generally operative; and that, even if everything is not for the best, nor this the best of all possible worlds, at least the panaceas proposed by the agitators of to-day

would work far less well than the system on which society has been organized hitherto.

The argument is throughout a very abstract one, and, from the nature of the case, does not include the minute statistical justification with which Mr. Mallock has fortified his previous sociological arguments, though it is frequently relieved by the flashes of satire and humor so distinctive of his style. It would be impossible to expect its acceptance without question by those whose positions are so strongly controverted; indeed, Mr. Spencer has already objected in print to the application of one quotation from him, divorced from its context: but while here and there an analogy may be pushed too far—analogies are always "kittle cattle" to drive—the main outlines of the argument are unquestionably solid and sound. Two chapters of the nature of corollaries have a value of their own. The one on "Equality of Educational Opportunity" might be particularly commended to some of those who indulge in fanatical laudation of the American public school system. In fact, the whole book is well worthy of the careful reading which it requires, and will even do good to those who cannot be brought to agree with its conclusions, by warning them off from the logical pitfalls into which so many well-meaning reformers are in the habit of tumbling with a frequency which would be ludicrous if it did not lead to such unhappy consequences.

### "The Making of Religion"

By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co.

Much has been said and written in the last dozen years on the origin of religions. The notes have varied from the extreme left in France, where they are attributed simply and solely to ignorance and deceit, to the extreme right, who claim that they are revelations of God to man. Now comes Mr. Lang and asks the sensible question, how do those who believe their religions, savage or civilized, explain their origins? To this there always is, always must be, but one reply,—"It was given by God, or the gods." He presses his inquiry with "On what evidence do you believe this?" And here again the replies are practically the same. Whether the witness is a Zulu negro, an Indian medicine-man, a Polynesian priest, or a Greek hierophant, he points to certain strange, superhuman, or, as Mr. Lang cautiously prefers, "supernormal" powers which he has received and can exercise, the source of which, he feels and knows, lies in regions above mundane life.

All this is accepted, familiar. We know that they say so; we may condescendingly believe that the poor creatures really believe it,—ignorant pagans! What do they know of the canons of inductive logic and the principles of scientific observation?

But what are we to make of Mr. Lang when he deliberately tells us that what they claim to have seen and felt, they did actually see and feel; that this, let us say the word at once, *supernatural* power, they really did have! Not only they but others, many among ourselves, notably Mr. Lang himself, can exercise these marvelous faculties, meet these strange experiences. Telepathy, crystal-gazing, the truth of dreams, the presence of "ghosts," he is not willing to deny; nay, he claims for them just as much evidence as for other anthropological facts. To be sure, it is not the same kind of evidence. It generally "reposes on the self-examination of

the student, and on the statements of psychological experiences made to him by persons whom he thinks he can trust." That is not scientific evidence, which, to be worth the name, must be verifiable by other observers; nor is it historical evidence, where the testimony of witnesses is weighed; but Mr. Lang is right in claiming for it our prejudiced consideration.

This takes up half of his book and is much the best part. The other half is devoted to the evolution of the idea of God. This he traces through four stages, from the vague gloom of the Australian's consciousness of the Divine up to the conviction of a powerful, moral, eternal, omniscient Father and Judge of men" which he supposes now prevails in enlightened minds. He also enters an anthropologic plea for personal immortality.

It would be superfluous to point out that such evolutionary processes are not to be found in practical anthropology. The idea of God differs as much in, let us say, Liverpool to-day, as it ever did in the culture history of the world. Regarded as a question of philosophy, it does not belong in anthropology at all, and attempts like this of Mr. Lang's to trace it there fail because there is no unit of measurement which can be applied to peoples in this respect.

Like most of Mr. Lang's books, this one is suggestive, instructive, logically inaccurate, charmingly put together, and inspired with fine ideals and sterling sentiments of truth and duty. It starts trains of thought, but is scarcely conducive to sound investigation. So long as the mental phenomena he dwells upon cannot be brought to experimental tests, and, indeed, have a fashion of sedulously shunning scientific society, those who believe in them ought not to be disappointed if "the common sense of most" declines to accept them.

### "Rupert of Hentzau"

*From the Memoirs of Fritz von Tarlenheim. By Anthony Hope. With Illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. Henry Holt & Co.*

THE WRITING of sequels to novels is acknowledged to be a difficult and hazardous undertaking. First of all, there is to be considered the success of the original story, which forms the standard of comparison; and then the dangerous anxiety to outdo it in the sequel, in plot and situations. Mr. Hope has kept us waiting for some time, and doubting of the final result: successful sequels are few. But he has succeeded, and succeeded beyond all expectation. In fact, we like this story even better than "The Prisoner of Zenda," which we liked very well indeed; moreover, we do not believe that this is merely an individual preference. It is due, indeed, to the simple and incontestable fact that "Rupert of Hentzau" is a more brilliant, if perhaps a somewhat less spontaneous, achievement than its interesting predecessor.

Mr. Hope has boldly used the same plot again, but with an important modification. In "The Prisoner of Zenda," Rudolf Rassendyll employed his marvellous resemblance to the King of Ruritania to save that worthless King's life and throne. In "Rupert of Hentzau" he uses it again, but to save the honor of the Queen who loves him, and who has run the risk of compromising herself for the sake of that love. Rudolf again impersonates the King, and succeeds in saving the reputation of the royal lady who is so truly a woman; but whereas in the earlier book fate was obedient to the behests of two



strong men and their handful of daring fellow-conspirators, it becomes master in its turn in the sequel, and smiles only to make more crushing the final catastrophe of its frown. This is perhaps the greatest difference between the two books, and it is notable because it is all-pervading, and carried out with consistency and skill.

The plot is a model of ingenious construction—not merely a breathless *tour de force*, but a convincing piece of work, in which every detail is thought out and worked out with foresight and due regard for probabilities, even though the shadow of the *deus ex machina*, for one short moment flits across the scene. The fate that is stronger than the strongest men is employed with rare felicity. The conspirators plot with care and forethought, but fate steps in and mars their plans, defeating their ends only to offer solutions of her own. New combinations are built upon these unexpected turns of the wheel, to be overthrown in sequence by the inexorable hand that cannot be turned away from the lever of destiny. And fate is impartial, for she upsets the plans of the dangerous follower of Black Michael as well as those of the Queen's defenders. Thus we get a tale of breathless interest, because it is seemingly independent of its chief actors, and the author does not appear. The story is one long series of surprises, moving swiftly from a simple beginning to an impressive climax.

Another merit of the story is the consistency of its characters. Mr. Hope has freely accepted them as he had created them in "The Prisoner of Zenda": they are our old and tried friends, upon whom we had learned to rely, and they do not disappoint us. Mr. Gibson has sufficient warrant in the story itself when he traces in his pictures of Col. Sapt a strong likeness of Bismarck. Here, too, we have a man of blood and iron—a man who was perhaps too big for the small kingdom which he served, who never found full scope for his superabundant energy and gifts. The figure of the Queen is touched in with considerable reticence; but the few powerful scenes in which are traced the outbursts of her strong love give the reader an impression that he cannot help developing into a completed picture of a woman such as lives in the ballads of old.

What else remains to be said? The story is bound to find its way to the reader's attention without our recommendation: its own strength will carry it through. But the reviewer wishes to drop for a moment the traditional editorial "we," and to thank Mr. Hope personally for the conferring of a great boon upon him. He who can carry a weary reviewer off his feet, who can make him forget for the moment his professional attitude towards books and give him back for a few hours the early enjoyment of novels read for pleasure only, is a magician indeed. Such has been the pleasure of the present writer, who is glad to know, moreover, that his gratification will be shared by all who read the book—by all, that is, but a few, who are wedded to a school and are unable to appreciate the best of its kind in literature, whatever that kind may be.

### "Penelope's Progress"

By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IT WILL BE no new news to reading Americans that they can find a delightful cicerone for their wanderings about Great Britain in the person of Mrs. Riggs—or Mrs. Wiggin, as her publishers prefer to call her, in a confusing style that is undeniably convenient; and she has been too kindly received by her English public to leave it doubt-



ful that there are many Scottish readers who will now gladly welcome the opportunity "to see themselves as others see them." Surely they cannot but be pleased to find three such charming strangers as Penelope, Francesca and Salemina displaying a familiarity with their ancient ballads and an enthusiasm for Bonnie Prince Charlie hardly equalled by Mr. Black's heroines—to say nothing of their brave determination to master all the intricacies of the vernacular tongue. It is true that books of this type, with their efforts at sustained humor, are always a little difficult to read with a constantly unwearyed mind; and when they proceed from feminine sources, like this and Mrs. Cotes's "American Girl in London," there is about them a certain haunting sprightliness—the phrase is Stevenson's, and he applies it to the contemporary feminine—which makes them better not read through at a sitting.

Penelope, however, the narrator of these North British experiences, is wise in not trying to be too continuously sprightly. She can interject, here and there, tender and pathetic passages which relieve the reader; and there are a number of ways in which she shows a fine insight not only into the minds of her sex and nation, but into regions that lie beyond. One bit in particular, the chapter which describes the trio "playing Sir Patrick Spens" with some utterly captivating children, shows a penetration into "Golden-Age" habits of thought not often found in mere Olympians. Whether amid the gayeties of Edinburgh for the first half of the book, or buried for the second in the East Neuk of Fife, the three fair Americans have enough amusing adventures, interspersed with properly romantic love-passages, to reward those who pursue them to their appointed and eminently satisfactory end. Never again will Francesca walk "in maiden meditation, fancy-free"; and the sound of Penelope's wedding-bells is heard in the last pages. May they live happily ever after!

### "The Forest Lovers"

*A Romance. By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co.*

WE SINCERELY commiserate the jaded reader who cannot find amusement in "The Forest Lovers." Mr. Hewlett has brought into the compass of his tale a hero who gives and takes hard knocks with the insensibility of a wooden-headed Punch or a knight-errant of old Malory's days, and a wandering damsel whose most distressful adventures are such as might occur to a mediæval Psyche. There are also a fighting monk to serve as a whetstone for the hero's blade, and an imperious dame to compete with Isoult la Desirous for his love. There are hard riding, cut-and-thrust fighting, comic villains, pictures of scenery and forest life (reeking of Jefferies) and exposures of the person of the distressed damsel, Isoult, who takes to male attire as a disguise and finds it ineffectual. The author is careful not to be coarse; going so far, even, as to refer to Isoult's legs as "limbs," they being, at the time, incompletely hid "in a pair of ragged breeches." On the various occasions when somebody finds it necessary to determine her sex, the manner of the inquisition is not too minutely described; and lest she be considered singular, there are other damsels who run about in short smocks and herd with the deer in the New Forest, which, as we guess, is the scene of the story. The author's manner is a little too much like that of a war-correspondent, abrupt and excited. But there is a freshness, a vivacity about the narrative itself, as well as about the style, that carries the reader more or less breathlessly along from one thrilling scene to another, and leaves him at the end with little disposition to lay down the book.

**"Hassan: A Fellah"***A Romance of Palestine. By Henry Gillman. Little, Brown & Co.*

WHAT pleases us best in this story is the descriptions of rural life in the Palestine of to-day, with their interestingly erudite comparisons with the life of the shepherds of the ancient Hebrews and of the tribes that dwelt on their borders. All the Orient is a living illustration of the pictures drawn by the writers of the Old Testament, and Mr. Gillman has not so-journed in the Sultan's dominions with closed eyes: he has observed and studied, and the result as here set forth is full of interest. But his story is a modern one for all that—so modern, indeed, that it may serve as collateral reading on the Armenian horrors. This is not a tale of the woes of all a people; it is simply a record of the daily oppression practiced by the Turkish rulers, who apparently do not even discriminate between Mohammedans and Christians when the whim, the lust or the revenge of some petty official is to be gratified.

These pages are but a repetition of what we already know of the rule of the unspeakable Turk, but it is an interesting repetition, though far too long. It involves a tragedy—all life in the Turkish dominions does that; and may aid a little to bring about the consummation so earnestly prayed for by civilization, so ruthlessly retarded by the diplomacy of Europe. The tale is told with considerable directness, notwithstanding its ramifications of plot; and, above all, it bears the stamp of being the work of a man who knows thoroughly well the subject he is treating.

**A Story-Writer's Love-Letters**

1. *Amitié Amoureuse. Préface fragmentée de Stendhal.* 2. *Love in Friendship: A Nameless Sentiment. Transl. by Henri Pène du Bois. Meyer Bros. & Co.*

THIS volume of letters from "him" to "her," and from "her" to "him," has attracted considerable attention in France, because it is currently believed that one of the correspondents was Guy de Maupassant. The dedication to Mme. Laure de Maupassant is signed with the letters H. L. N., the initials of Mme. Leconte de Noy, the novelist's life-long friend. The nature of these letters renders our indiscretion (if it be one) pardonable: they contain nothing but an innocent psychological puzzle that the reader must solve for himself according to his own conception and experience—nothing, that is to say, until very near the end, when another woman is introduced who gives the inevitable modern French touch for which the reader watches in vain in the epistles of the two principal characters.

Dr. Holmes said that there live within each of us three individuals—the man we are, the man we think we are, and the man others think us to be. We may add a fourth individuality: the man we desire others to think us. Thus we find a second psychological puzzle beside the principal one, which the translator has aptly called "a nameless sentiment." In how far was this man sincere, in how far did he try to deceive, and, perhaps more correctly, in how far did he deceive himself? We do not know, nor will two readers agree, we think, upon the subject in this case. But we do suspect that the woman was clear-eyed, and supremely clever, and that it was due to her management alone that this sentiment remained a "nameless" one. The man was near "le moment psychologique," but she chose to keep it at arm's length, preferring a romantic friendship to a possible love-affair. To call this "philandering" would be doing a manifest injustice to a very pretty sentiment. In fact, after due deliberation, we are compelled to adopt Mr. du Bois's suggestion, and to retain his qualification that does not qualify.

The sentiment is ultra modern in the best sense of the word. Only delicate minds—what Balzac called "des ames d'élite"—can experience it and taste its gossamer joys: its mystic element, elusive and alluring, gives it a zest that is intellectual rather than sentimental, the enduring delight of a promise that is never fulfilled, and therefore never turned to ashes. The book is extremely curious.

### A Prose Horace

*The Works of Horace Rendered into English Prose. With Life, Introductions and Notes. By W. Coultts. Longmans, Green & Co.*

THE untranslatable Horace, the poets' poet, is like one of those too-fascinating Alp-peaks that dip saucily over the Bernese Oberland and ever invite the mountain climber to scale their inaccessible silver. So near—so far; just there; one sees the snow-line, and the blue seams, and the river gulch almost within touch! The smoothly rippling vocables run so musically in the memory, in Latin—why not in English? And so the long line of mountaineers climbing the heights of Horace deploy before us on their weary pilgrimage to the shining peaks.

Mr. Coultts selects the modest vehicle of almost literal prose for his presentation of the lively Roman—

"The wise

Adviser of the nine-years-pondered lay,"

as Tennyson called him. This prose is the not over-felicitous prose of the headmaster of an English classical school writing out themes for his sixth form: such prose as makes one involuntarily repeat Byron's imprecation:—

"Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,

Not for thy faults, but mine, it is a curse

To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,

To comprehend, but never love thy verse."

The exquisite Sapphics and Alcaics, the odes, epodes and epistles, with all their varied and Eolian rhythms, melodious as the wind in Soracte's pines, full of lights and shades as a Sorrento orange-garden, come forth as 200 pages of decent dress-coat prose as follows:—

"TO PYRRHA. What stripling slim in many a rose drenched with liquid perfumes woos thee, O Pyrrha, in the depth of a pleasant grotto? For whom braidst thou thy yellow hair, plain in thy toilet," etc. What would Milton, who translated this ode so daintily think of this version; or Pope, whose

"Horace still charms with graceful negligence,

And without method talks us into sense"?

### "A Romance of Summer Seas"

*A Novel. By Varina Anne Jefferson-Davis. Harper & Bros.*

MISS DAVIS's second novel shares with her first the maturity of technique on which we commented at the time of the publication of the latter. She has considerably enlarged her canvas: it is crowded with figures, and the scene she has chosen, though not absolutely new—a P. and O. steamer—is deftly used to give a foreshortened view of a plot that would have been slower in its development, more devious in its ramifications, on shore. Slander, which is the vile offspring of gossip, which is the substitute for conversation among people of limited intellect and unlimited time, we have always with us in inverse ratio to the extent of the circle in which we live. In the metropolis it is almost non-existent. It shows its head occasionally in cities, prospers in towns, waxes fat in villages, and reigns supreme among people whom circumstances keep herded together for weeks at a time, without a change in their surroundings, or an incident to divert their minds.

The keynote of Miss Davis's story is slander. She uncovers its unspeakable lowness, and the slimy sources from which it grows; she shows us its victims—the innocent people who are slandered, and the good people who in their innocence receive the slander as truth; she depicts the helpless indignation of clean-minded people and ridicules some of the slanderers. She incidentally also shows us that there are times when we should not "mind our own business" and nobody's else. All this happens among a motley crowd of people—men and women, American tourists, English army officers, missionaries, spinsters who dabble in the religions

of the East but have never practiced the golden rule, and, last of all, the tainted European of the Orient, the man who has sunk to the moral level of the leprous yellow beings among whom he lives, who resents the quarantine to which he is condemned by the decent people around him, and who considers no means too low, no ways too vile to wreak his revenge.

We leave the plot to be discovered by the reader. Of course it is a woman who is slandered: somehow it is difficult to slander a man. Moreover, it is dangerous, for he can take notice of the slander and throttle it in its inception in the throat of the man who spawns it, or in that of the man who repeats it, if it is born in the gentle heart of woman—but she by preference slanders her own sex. Woman stands defenceless against the attack, and often it is only aggravated by the attempts to kill it of the men who have the right to protect her. The story of this slander is exceedingly readable, and happily the mischief was undone before it had succeeded in achieving the low end that was its aim.

### "Two Prisoners"

By Thomas Nelson Page. With an Illustration. R. H. Russell

THIS dainty little story is an expansion of a short tale that appeared in *Harper's Young People* some years ago, and is dedicated to the memory of Alfred B. Starey, who was then in charge of that periodical. Of the simplest elements—a caged mocking-bird, an abandoned child suffering from hopeless disease,—Mr. Page builds up a little masterpiece that is very touching on the human side. A child can understand its situation, its language, the small drama of bird and invalid that floats upon its surface, and yet there is something that bigger people can appreciate and enjoy,—the delicate art of the story, the perfect naturalness with which it is all wrought out. How natural that some mysterious magnetism of suffering or sympathy should draw Mildred and Mollie together,—the pauper and the pampered little heiress hungering for something to love; and even the element of surprise, the discovery of the sick waif's unknown mother in the owner of the mocking-bird, is charmingly managed, without too great resort to sensationalism. It is often in these tender little finger-nail sketches that a great writer—or even only a clever one—most distinctly reveals himself and makes his richest impression upon us. The artist in colors often builds up his strong canvases out of small bits jotted down in memory or on a stray leaf that burns with a reminiscence of Venice, a gleam of the arctic north, or a glimpse of the sphinx-guarded Nile. Thus at ease, *en déshabillé*, he lets us into his intimacy, and delightful friendships establish themselves between reader and author. "The Two Prisoners" is of this sort, and gives us a peep into a very sympathetic heart. Such a book must be reserved for Christmas to reach its true value.

### "The Pilgrims in their Three Homes"

England, Holland and America. By William Elliot Griffis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

HERE IS a little volume in which Dr. Griffis attempts to give three distinct pictures of the surroundings and life of the Mayflower passengers in the land of their ancestors, in that of their brief sojourn on the other side of the channel and in that of their over-appreciative posterity here across the Atlantic.

Visits to England give the author data for descriptions of Austerfield and Scrooby, the birthplaces of William Brewster and William Bradford. But he is dependent for his material on the local color of the places as they appear to-day. As regards the pilgrims, imagination has to play a large part. There is little fibre wherewith to weave a web, and the many "probables" and "possibles" in the narrative give it an air not wholly substantial and satisfactory. In derivation, the author is somewhat Ciceronian. That Ely was so designated from being a favorite resort of eels is surprising, and the statement that all place names terminating in *wick* (among other endings) show that the settlements were on



low ground, near or upon water, may be questioned when *vicus*, undoubtedly left by the Romans in the *wick* of many English names, is remembered.

The life in Holland is also conjectural. The picture of Dutch tolerance is rather too highly colored. An interesting touch, however, is given by some extracts from the actual marriage registers in Leyden and Amsterdam, for in these scanty items are buried nearly all that we surely know of the Pilgrims in Holland. There is greater abundance of material for the third part of the story, telling of the pilgrims in New England. It has, therefore, more substance, though of course it cannot possess great novelty. In short, the little volume is very slight, but may be pleasantly suggestive to those who do not know what to do with a summer holiday, and would like to have a guide for a stroll over ground where their ancestors may have trod.

### People and Things American

*Choses et Gens d'Amérique. Par Th. Benson. Meyer Bros. & Co.*

MME. BLANC is well known to Americans as one of their most appreciative, discriminating and just foreign critics. "A certain condescension" is not the attitude she assumes in studying us, for she does not judge, she only observes closely and reflects deeply before drawing her conclusions. Above all, she sees clearly that, while we may lag behind Europe in culture, we lead it in many regards in civilization—a seeming paradox that yet is incontestably true. For the conditions of modern life, of the life of the world to-morrow, find their birth among us, and our solution of the new economical and political problems, and to a certain extent of the social ones as well, must needs be adopted by Europe, with certain modifications. The fact that America influences Europe more powerfully than the latter does her, is not yet generally appreciated, but it is a fact nevertheless, and Mme. Blanc sees it clearly. These remarks are called forth by the closing paper in this volume, on "La Vie de Famille en Amérique," which is an amplification of a study from her pen published in *The Forum* for March 1896.

The four papers preceding this one are on "Le Communisme en Amérique"—theoretical as presented by the late Mr. Bellamy, and practical as seen among the Shakers; "Un Loti Américain," the cis-Atlantic admirer of Rarahu being Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, whose works were recommended to Mme. Blanc by Mr. John La Farge; "Un Musicien Poète," the late Sidney Lanier; and on life "Dans l'Arkansas," as seen at the winter home of Miss Alice French ("Octave Thanet"), at Clover Bend, Arkansas. All four of these papers are marked by the author's usual good taste and discrimination; to discuss them at length would lead us too far. Suffice it to say that they are well worth reading and that the study of Lanier in particular is an excellent piece of work.

### American Library Association at Chautauqua

THIS annual conference of Librarians was held July 5-9, not at the Chautauqua Assembly grounds, but at Lakewood, just out of Jamestown, the beautiful surroundings making the place an ideal one for such a gathering. The attendance was about 500. Had he lived, Dr. Justin Winsor of Harvard, who was chosen President of the Association last year, would have delivered the presidential address. The last public work of his life was his very graceful and efficient service as chief of the large delegation from the Association attending the International Library Conference in London last summer.

The vacant presidency was most appropriately filled by the appointment of Mr. Herbert Putnam, librarian of the Boston Public Library, whose address on assuming the chair was a very able and interesting one. He paid a fitting tribute to Dr. Winsor as the foremost of American librarians, and passed on to speak of the wonderful progress now making in the public library movement. He alluded in scathing terms to the



blocking of this movement in New York City by the opposition of the Mayor, and showed how distinctly the metropolis is falling behind other cities through its failure to recognize the library as a leading educational factor.

The program for this meeting had been so arranged as to make the discussions center about two leading topics—the training of librarians, and “home education,” or the use of public libraries in carrying educational influence into the homes of the people. Most of the time was taken up in the discussion of these topics, and much valuable light was thrown upon them. There seems to be an agreement now that definite training is required for service in a library as well as in a school, and the number of places where such training can be had is rapidly increasing, the school at Albany, under Mr. Melvil Dewey’s direction, being the oldest and most completely organized. No less than five summer schools give attention to the subject this year.

Much interest was taken in the reports of special efforts to promote “home education.” Children’s rooms in the libraries, traveling libraries for remote districts and neighborhood libraries in the cities, the use of the public schools as branch libraries with instruction given by the teachers as to reading and the use of books, were among the chief agencies reported. The free access to the shelves now granted in the New York Free Circulating Libraries and in many others, is found to be one of the best agencies for getting the attention of readers to the better classes of books and so promoting the circulation and reading of good literature.

On Wednesday Bishop Vincent addressed the librarians on the Chautauqua movement, showing how closely it is allied with the library movement; on Thursday afternoon the convention made an excursion by steamboat to the Assembly grounds, holding one session in the great auditorium. Here addresses were made by Prof. R. G. Moulton, on University Extension, by H. M. Leipziger of New York, on the free lecture system inaugurated by him, by Prof. Barr Ferree on the work of the Brooklyn Institute, by Librarian F. M. Crunden of St. Louis, on “The Endowed Newspaper,” and by Father J. H. MacMahon, director of the Cathedral Free Library of New York, on “Yellow Journalism.” The latter speaker made an eloquent plea for the discountenancing of such journalism by every possible means, lest the good work done by libraries and schools and churches should be undone by the insidious influence of a corrupt and venal press.

W. I. F.

### Publications Received

- Altsheier, J. A. *The Rainbow of Gold*. \$1. Continental Publishing Co.  
 Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the St. Louis Public Free Library, 1896-97.  
 Atlantic Monthly, The. Vol. LXXXI. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
 Bassett, J. S. *Anti-Slavery Leaders of North Carolina*. 50c. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.  
 Bible. *A New English Translation. The Book of Leviticus*. \$1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co.  
 Biological Lectures at Marine Biological Laboratory, Wood's Holl, 1896-7. Ginn & Co.  
 Britton, N. L., & A. Brown. *Illustrated Flora of the Northern States and Canada*. Vol. III.  
 \$3. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Brunetiere's *Essays in French Literature*. Tr. by D. N. Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Burt, P. H. *Regret of Spring*. \$1.50. G. W. Dillingham Co.  
 Byron, Lord. *Letters and Journals*. Vol. I. Ed. by R. E. Prothero. \$2. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Carleton, W. *Farm Ballads*. \$1.25. Harper & Bros.  
 Carlyle, T. *History of Frederick the Great*. Vol. VII. \$1.25. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Catalogue of the Dante Collection. Presented by W. Fiske. Compiled by T. W. Koch.  
 Dante's Works. Vol. I. Ithaca, New York.  
 Catlin, L. E. *Marjory and Her Neighbors*. Lothrop Publishing Co.  
 Chambers, R. W. *The Haunts of Men*. \$1. Frederick A. Stokes Co.  
 Chester, N. *Stories from Dante*. \$1.25. Frederick Warne & Co.  
 Cole, L. T. *The Basis of Early Christian Theism*. 50c. The Macmillan Co.  
 Coleridge, S. T. *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. Ed. by L. R. Gibbs. Ginn & Co.  
 Collections of Wisconsin State Historical Society. Ed. by R. G. Thwaites. Vol. XIV.  
 Madison: Democrat Printing Co.  
 Crawford, R. *South American Sketches*. Longmans, Green & Co.  
 Crumpton, W. B. *Aunt Melissa's Question*. 5c. Amer. Bap. Pub. Soc.  
 Cutting, E. B. *Old Taverns and Fostering Inns*. 10c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 Davis, R. H. *The King's Jackal*. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 De Musset, A. *Histoire d'un Merle Blanc*. Ed. by A. Cointat & H. I. Williams. 30c. Henry Holt & Co.

- Dickens, M. A. *The Love That Wins*.  
 Douglas, W. S. *Cromwell's Scotch Campaigns*.  
 Dryden, J. *Essays on the Drama*. Ed. by W. Strunk, Jr. \$1.50.  
 Dryden, J. *Palamon and Arcite*. Ed. by A. Gilman. 25c.  
 Edgar, Hon. J. D. *Canada and Its Capital*. \$2.50.  
 Eliot, G. *Silas Marner*. Ed. with Intro. and notes by R. A. Witham.  
 Elivas, H. *John Ship, Mariner*.  
 Fearey, G. D. *List of Rare Tomes*.  
 Ferguson, R. *Dulcissima! Delectissima!*  
 Fernow, B. *New Amsterdam Family Names and Their Origin*. 10c.  
 Rand, McNally & Co.  
 London: Elliot Stock.  
 Henry Holt & Co.  
 Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  
 Toronto: Geo. N. Morang.  
 Ginn & Co.  
 Frederick A. Stokes & Co.  
 Kansas City: G. D. Fearey.  
 London: Elliot Stock.
- Forty-sixth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library.  
 Frankel, A. H. *In Gold We Trust*.  
 Franklin, S. R. *Memories of a Rear-Admiral*. \$3.  
 Fraser, H. *The Looms of Time*. \$1.  
 Gannett, H. *North America*. Vol. II. *The United States*.  
 Gras, F. *The Terror*. Tr. by C. A. Janvier. \$1.50.  
 Greene, C. S. *Magazine Publishing in California, and The Relation of Libraries to Righteousness*, by Prof. E. A. Ross.  
 Groos, K. *The Play of Animals*. Tr. by E. L. Baldwin. \$1.75.  
 Hall, G. *The Hundred and Other Stories*. \$1.25.  
 History of the Commune of 1871. Tr. by E. M. Aveling.  
 Holloper, W. C. *Hay Fever and its Successful Treatment*. \$1.  
 Hubbard, W. *Beginning of King Philip's War*.  
 Hubbard, E. *Thomas Jefferson*. 10c.  
 Hudson, W. H. *Birds in London*. \$3.50.  
 Irving, H. B. *The Life of Judge Jeffreys*. \$4.  
 Jefferies, B. *St. Guido*. 5c.  
 Johnson, W. K. *Terra Tenebrarum, Love's Jestbook*.  
 Jonson, B. *Timber, or Discoveries*. 50c.  
 Kerr, J. *The Cheery Book*. \$1.50.  
 L. B. L. *The Doctrine of Energy*.  
 Land of Sunshine. Ed. by C. F. Lummis. Vols. VII-VIII.  
 Later English Drama, The. Ed. by C. S. Brown.  
 List of Private Libraries. No. III, German.  
 Lowndes, M. E. *Michel de Montaigne*.  
 Lys, C. *The Hephworth Millions*. \$1.50.  
 Mackie, P. B. *Ye Lyttle Salem Maide*. \$1.50.  
 Magoffin, B. *Where the Smile Comes In*. 50c.  
 Making of a Millionaire, by Himself. 50c.  
 Mathews, F. S. *Familiar Life in Field and Forest*. \$1.75.  
 Maugham, W. S. *The Making of a Saint*. \$1.50.  
 Meredith, G. *Rhoda Fleming. The Egotist*. \$1.50 each.  
 Milton, J. *Paradise Lost*. Intro. and notes by H. B. Sprague.  
 Moffett, C. *True Detective Stories*. 25c.  
 Moore, F. F. *The Millionaires*. \$1.  
 Moritz, C. F. and A. Kahn. *Twentieth Century Cook Book*.  
 Morton, T. *Manners and Customs of the Indians*.  
 Newbigging, T. *Essays at Eventide*.  
 Notes on New Books.  
 Norton, F. M. *Cast Thou the First Stone*. 50c.  
 Oakley, H. C. *As Having Nothing*. \$1.  
 O'Neill, K. *Punctuation Practically Illustrated*. 50c.  
 Parker, F. W., and N. L. Helm. *On the Farm*.  
 Prescott, E. L. *Red-Coat Romances*. \$1.25.  
 Reid, C. *The Chase of an Heiress*. \$1.  
 Report of the Tenth Year of the Jewish Publication Society of America.  
 Report of Commissioner of Education for 1896-7. Vol. I.  
 Riley, J. W. *Poems Here at Home*.  
 Robinson, R. E. *A Hero of Ticonderoga*. 75c.  
 Ross, A. *A New Sensation*. \$1.  
 Rowley, J. *The Art of Taxidermy*. \$2.  
 Schenk, L. *The Determination of Sex*. \$1.50.  
 Schiller, F. *Wilhelm Tell*. Ed. with Intro. and notes by A. H. Palmer. \$1.  
 Scott, W. *The Monastery*. 2 vols. \$1.60. Temple Edition.  
 Selections from W. S. Landor. Ed. with Intro. and notes by W. B. S. Chymer.  
 Seventy-fourth Anniversary of the American Baptist Publication Society.  
 Shields, C. W. *The Reformer of Geneva*. \$1.25.  
 Show, A. B. *Relation of Libraries to the Higher Education*.  
 Shugert, F. A. *The Day Breaketh*.  
 Spectator, The. Vol. VII. \$1.50.  
 Stewart, Wm. M. *Analysis of the Functions of Money*. 25c.  
 Stuart, K. McE. *Morian's Mourning*. \$1.25.  
 Sudermann, H. *Regina, or The Sins of The Fathers*. Tr. by B. Marshall. \$1.50.  
 Sursum Corda. Ed. by E. H. Johnson and E. E. Ayres. \$1.50.  
 Taber, S. R. *Henry Morehouse Taber*.  
 Terhune, W. L. *My Friend, the Captain*. \$1.50.  
 Thomas, C. *American Archaeology*. \$2.  
 Tibbuck, W. E. *Meg of the Scarlet Foot*. \$1.50.  
 Todd, M. I. *The Heterodox Marriage of a New Woman*. \$1.  
 Tollemache, Hon. L. A. and others. *Essays, Mock-Essays and Character Sketches*. \$1.75.  
 Whittaker & Co.
- G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 Phila.: Wm. H. Pile's Sons.  
 Harper & Bros.  
 D. Appleton & Co.  
 London: Edward Stanford.  
 D. Appleton & Co.  
 Library Association of California.  
 D. Appleton & Co.  
 Harper & Bros.  
 International Pub. Co.  
 Phila.: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.  
 Boston: Old South Work.  
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 Longmans, Green & Co.  
 Longmans, Green & Co.  
 Thomas B. Mosher.  
 London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.  
 London: J. M. Dent & Co.  
 G. W. Dillingham Co.  
 London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.  
 Cal.: Land of Sunshine Publishing Co.  
 A. S. Barnes & Co.  
 Leipzig: G. Hedelev.  
 London: C. J. Clay & Sons.  
 Frederick Warne & Co.  
 Lamson, Wolfe & Co.  
 G. W. Dillingham Co.  
 G. W. Dillingham Co.  
 D. Appleton & Co.  
 L. C. Page & Co.  
 Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Ginn & Co.  
 G. W. Dillingham Co.  
 D. Appleton & Co.  
 G. W. Dillingham Co.  
 Boston: Directory of the Old South Work.  
 London: Gay & Bird.  
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 Charles H. Kerr & Co.  
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 A. Lovel & Co.  
 D. Appleton & Co.  
 Frederick Warne & Co.  
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 Washington: Government Printing Office.  
 Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Burlington: Hobart J. Shaley & Co.  
 G. W. Dillingham Co.  
 D. Appleton & Co.  
 The Werner Co.  
 Henry Holt & Co.  
 Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Ginn & Co.  
 Amer. Bap. Pub. Soc.  
 G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
 San Francisco: Library Association of California.  
 Phila.: Henry Altemus.  
 Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.  
 Wm. Ballantyne & Sons.  
 Harper & Bros.  
 John Lane.  
 Amer. Bap. Pub. Soc.  
 Herbert S. Stone & Co.  
 G. W. Dillingham Co.  
 The Robert Clarke Co.  
 Harper & Bros.  
 Robert Lewis Weed Co.  
 Whittaker & Co.

